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CLASSICS SERIES 2
TIME TORPEDOES! HEADING RIGHT FOR ME!
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Doctor Who
Classics Series 2 Issue #9

The Stockbridge Horror
Part 4, 5, and 6
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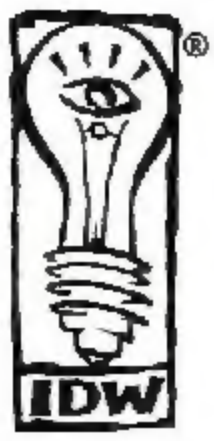

Originally published in *Doctor Who* #73-75, 1983

Special thanks to David Turbitt and Gary Russell at BBC Worldwide, Dave Gibbons, Marc Mostman, and Mike Riddell and Tom Spilsbury at Panini Publishing, Ltd., for their invaluable assistance.

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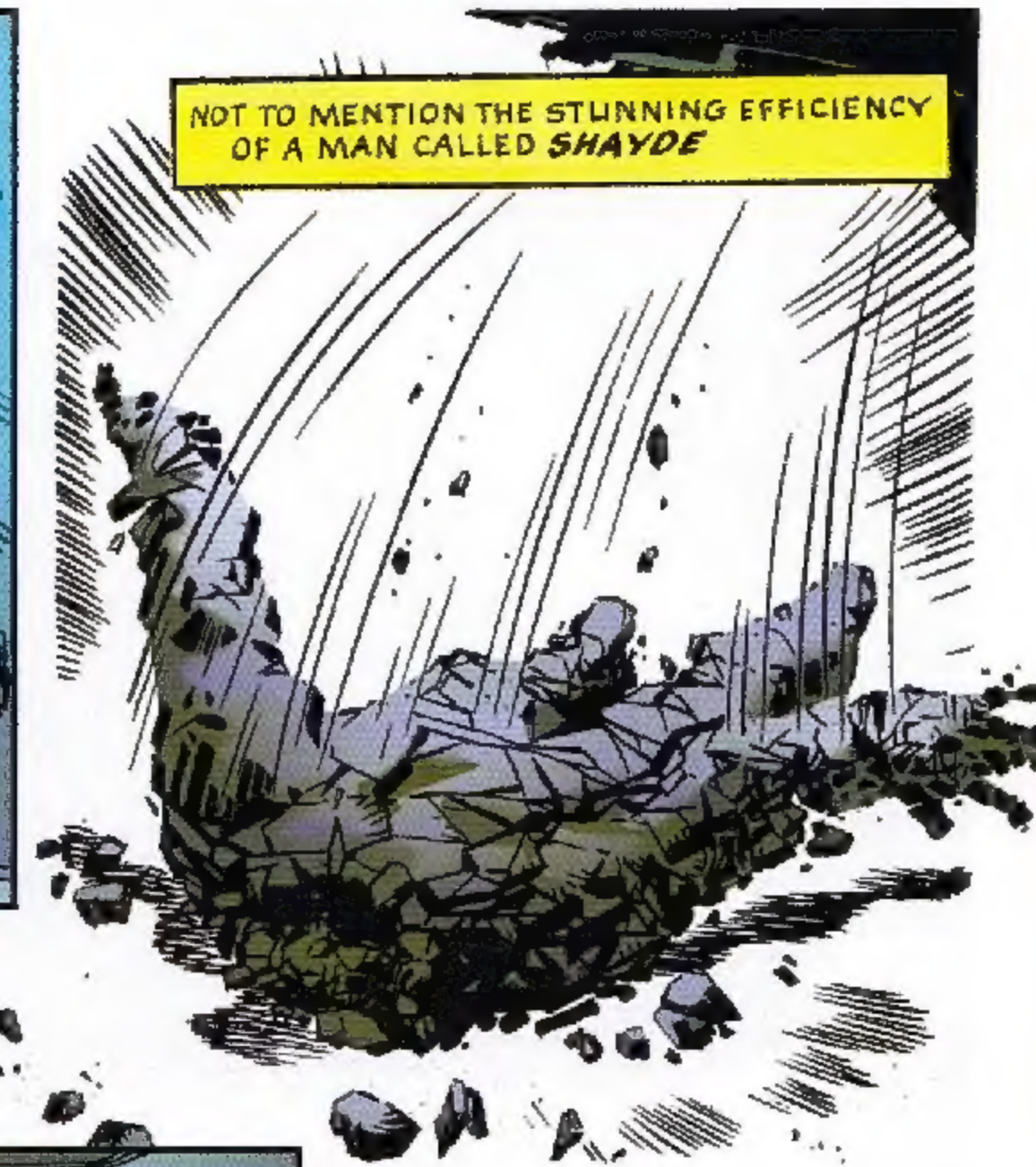
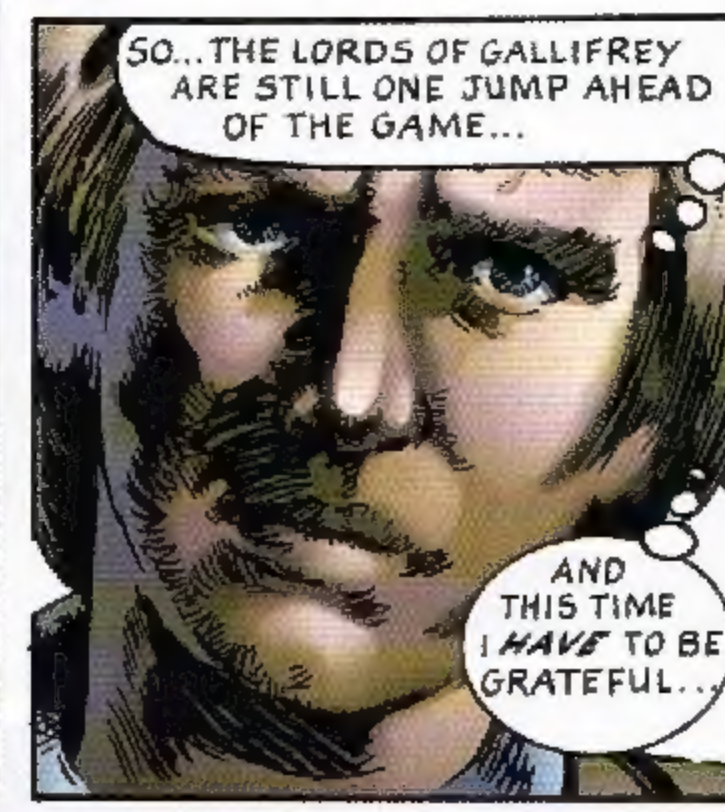
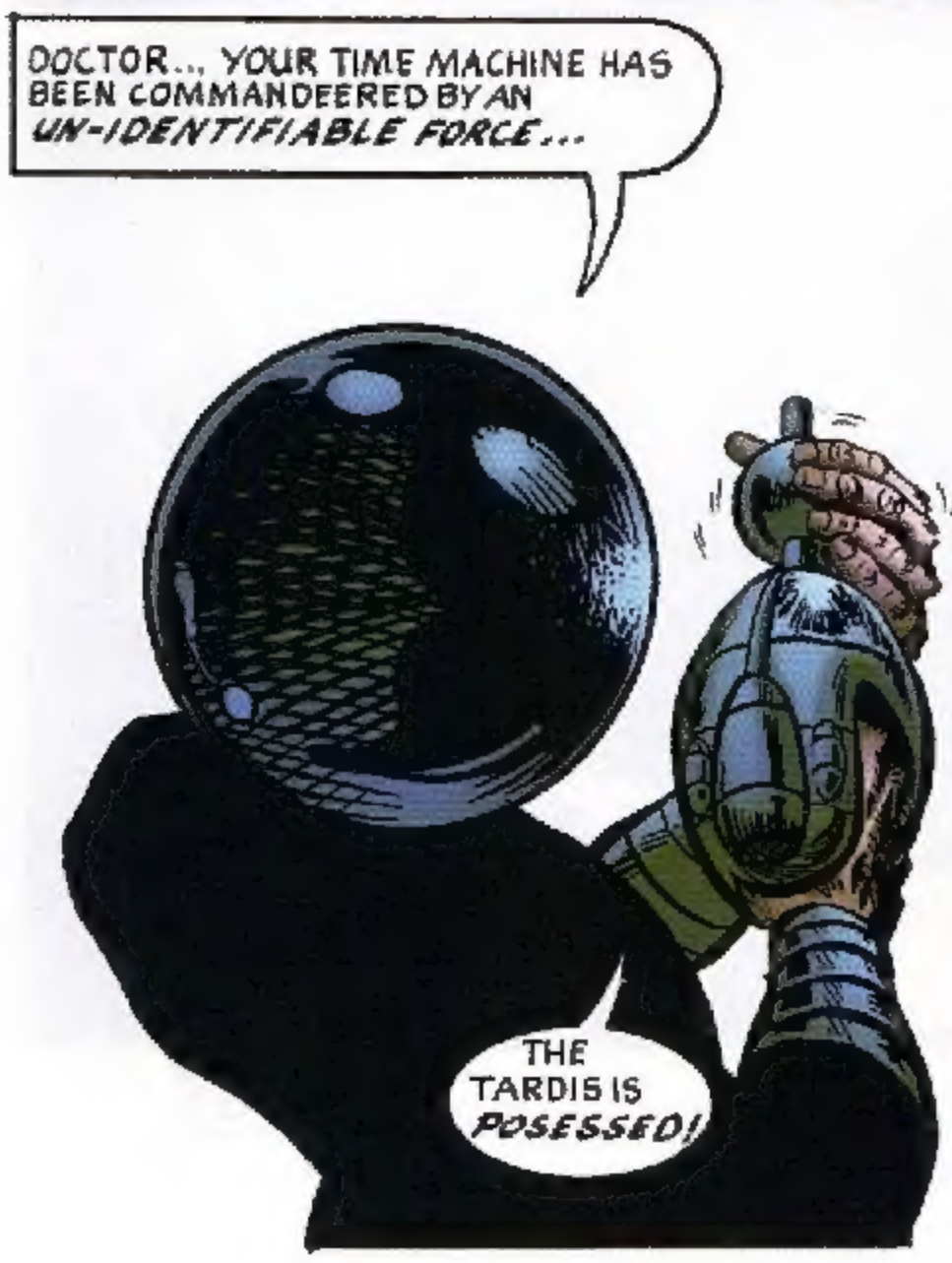

NOT TO MENTION THE STUNNING EFFICIENCY OF A MAN CALLED *SHAYDE*

SHAYDE! YOUR TIMING IS *PERFECT!* DID THE MATRIX-LORDS SEND YOU?

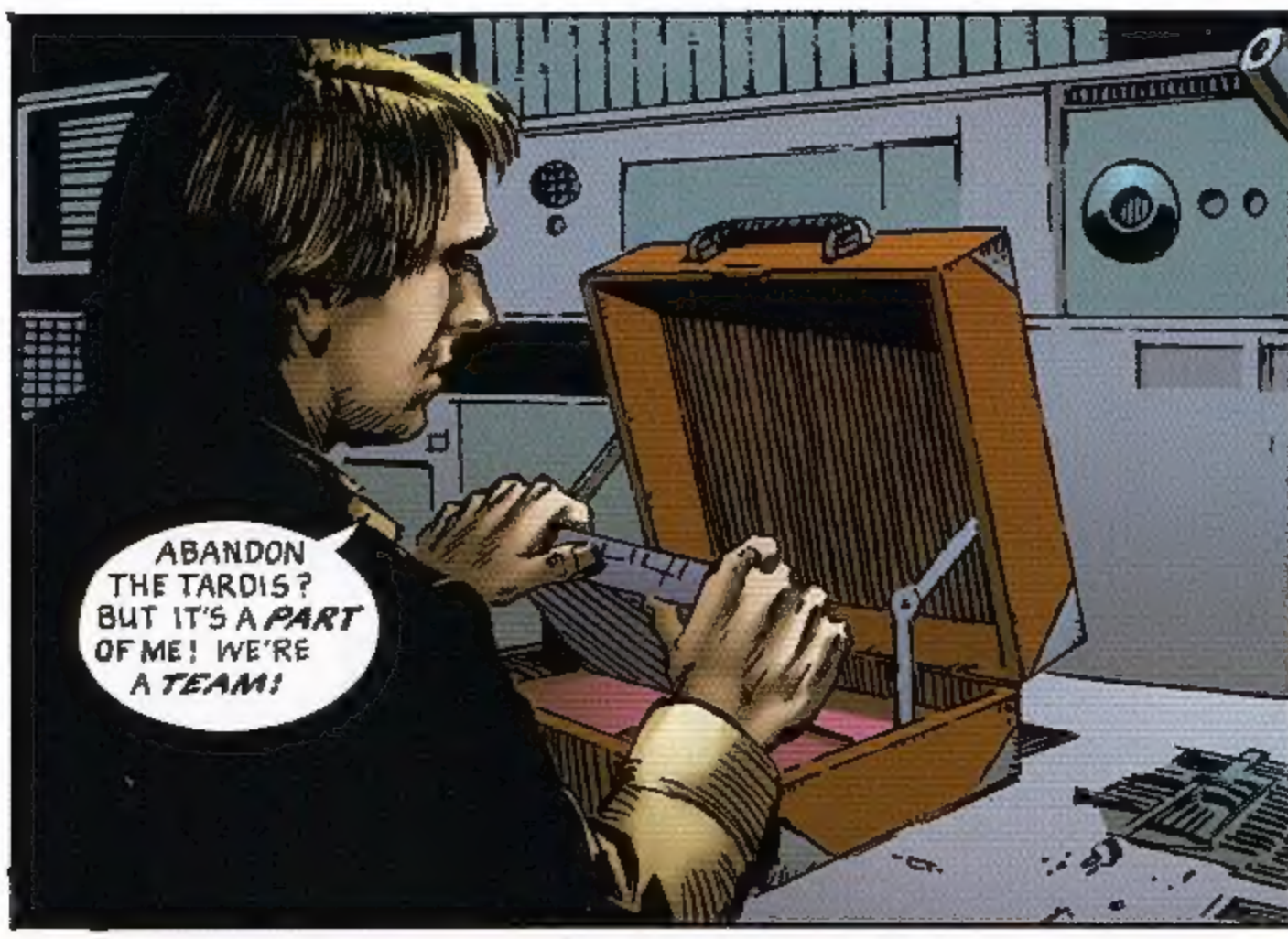
NO, DOCTOR... THIS MISSION WAS ACTIVATED *AUTO-MATICALLY* BY A DEVICE IN THE TARDIS...
...WHICH WAS INSTALLED WITHOUT YOUR KNOWLEDGE ON YOUR LAST VISIT TO GALLIFREY...


SO...THE LORDS OF GALLIFREY ARE STILL ONE JUMP AHEAD OF THE GAME...
AND THIS TIME I *HAVE* TO BE GRATEFUL...


DOCTOR... YOUR TIME MACHINE HAS BEEN COMMANDEERED BY AN *UN-IDENTIFIABLE FORCE...*
THE TARDIS IS *POSESSED!*

YES...I KNOW...I SUSPECTED IT ALL ALONG I JUST DIDN'T WANT TO *ADMIT* IT TO MYSELF...
YOU SEE... THERE'S A GREAT DEAL I DON'T UNDERSTAND. BUT THERE ALWAYS *IS* WHEN *YOU'RE* INVOLVED... ISN'T THERE?

YOU MAY HAVE TO *ABANDON* THE TARDIS! LIKE A DISEASED MIND, THE TARDIS IS INFECTED BY SOME KIND OF PARASITE... THERE MAY BE *NO* CURE!


ABANDON THE TARDIS? BUT IT'S A *PART* OF ME! WE'RE A *TEAM!*

THAT MAY BE THE PROBLEM, DOCTOR ...YOU'VE BEEN WITH IT TOO LONG...
IT'S BECOME LIKE YOU... QUIRKY... IDIOSYNCRATIC... AND ULTIMATELY ...*SCHIZO-PHRENIC!*

IT'S NOW DEEPLY DIVIDED, PART OF IT WISHES TO PROTECT ITS OLD CHARACTER
...AND ANOTHER PART WANTS TO OPEN UP AND *WELCOME* THIS NEW PERSO-NALITY...

BUT THIS NEW ASPECT IS *DANGEROUS*...IT WISHES TO FEED ON THE TARDIS...TO ABSORB ENERGY AND *GROW...*
IT WILL LEAVE THE TIME-MACHINE A BURNT-OUT HULK!

UNLESS WE CAN SOME-HOW TIP THE BALANCE...

HOW DO YOU PROPOSE TO DO THAT?
I WILL ENTER THE TAR-DIS COMPUTER AND *CONFRONT* THE CREATURE...

WITH THE ENERGY, PROG-RAMMING AND TRAIN-ING AT MY DISPOSAL I CAN DICTATE MY *OWN* TERMS...
THE BEING WILL HAVE TO AD-APT TO *MY* WORLD ONCE I INVADE ITS NEW HOME...

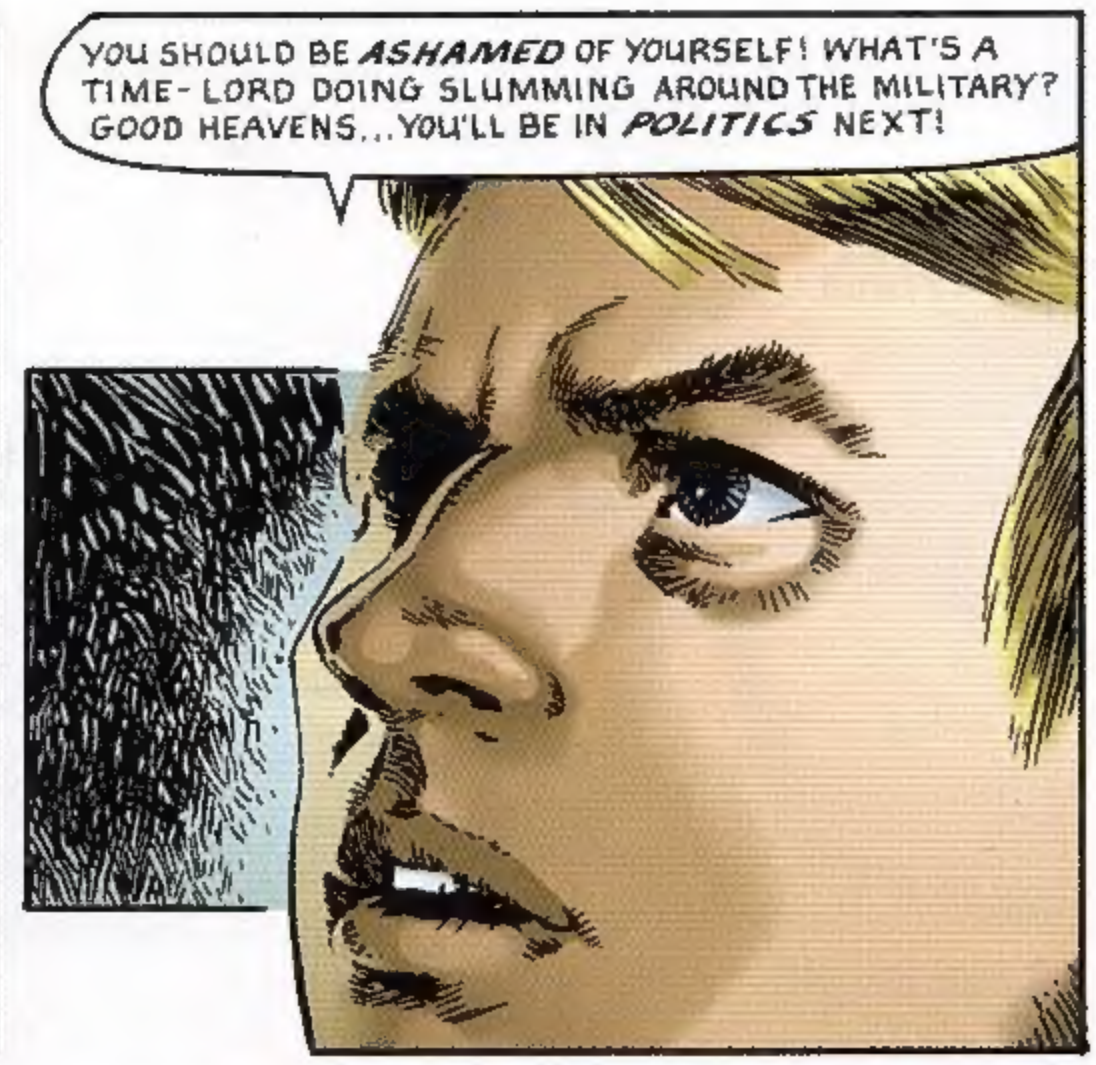
YOU'VE BEEN AWAY TOO LONG, DOCTOR... YOU'VE *LOST TOUCH* WITH DEVELOPMENTS ON GALLIFREY...

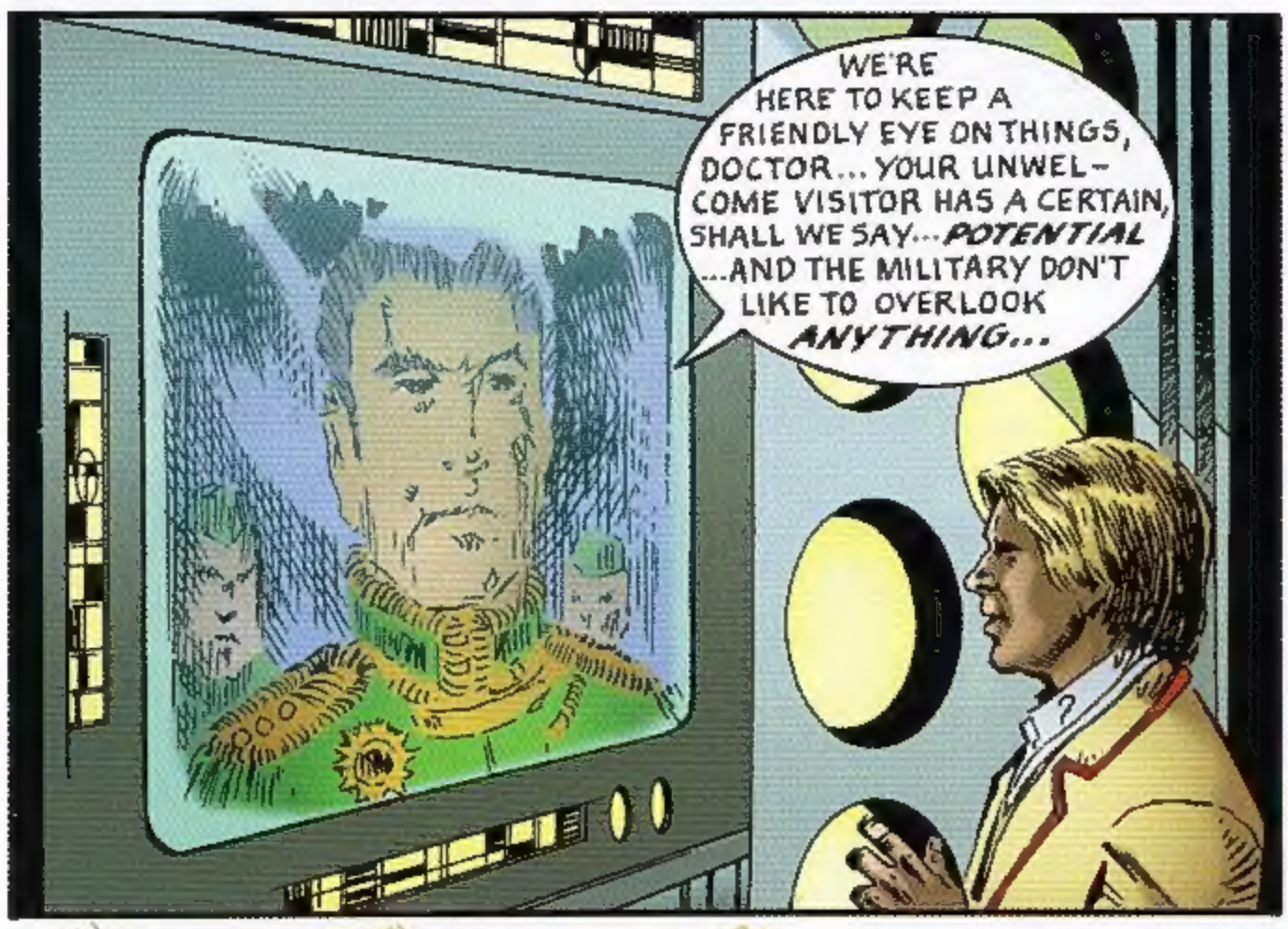
YOU KNOW THAT THE MILITARY HAVE BEEN DEVELOPING A TARDIS FOR THEIR OWN PURPOSES...

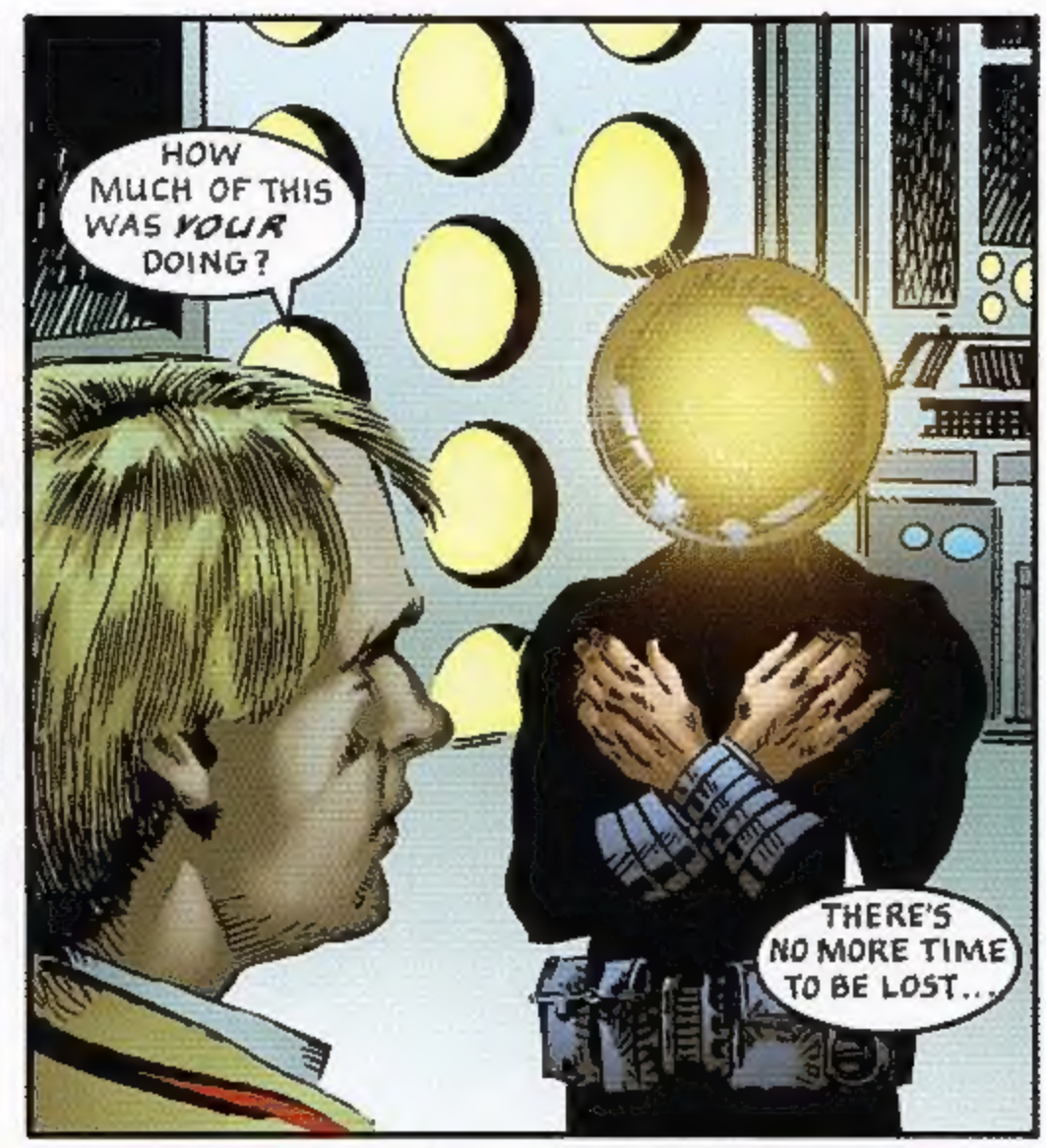
WHAT YOU'RE LOOKING AT IS THEIR LATEST MODEL ... IF WE FAIL... THEY WILL QUITE SIMPLY *BLOW YOUR SHIP TO ATOMS!*

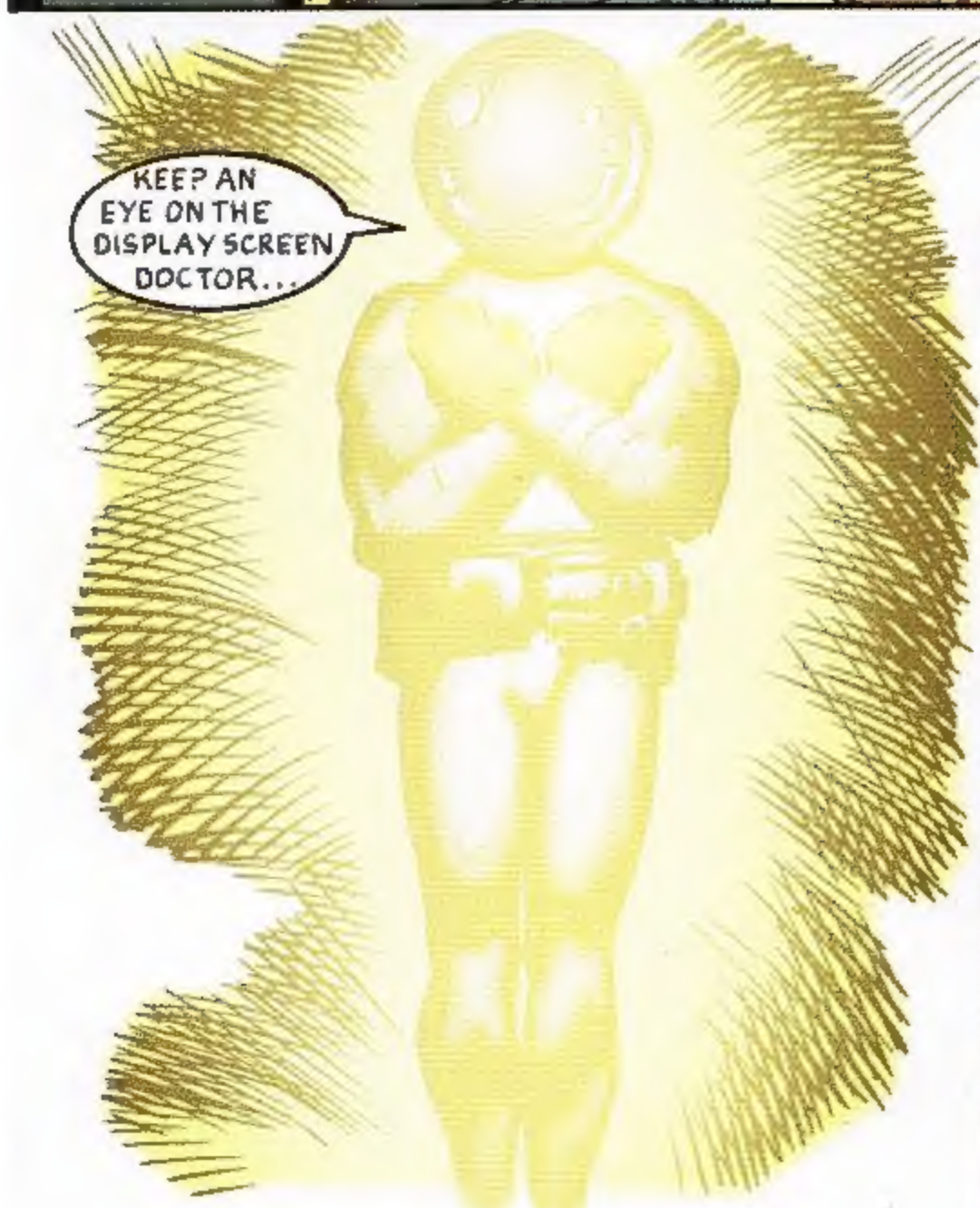
ON WHOSE *AUTHORITY* HAVE YOU DONE THIS? WHO IS IN COMMAND OF THAT THING?

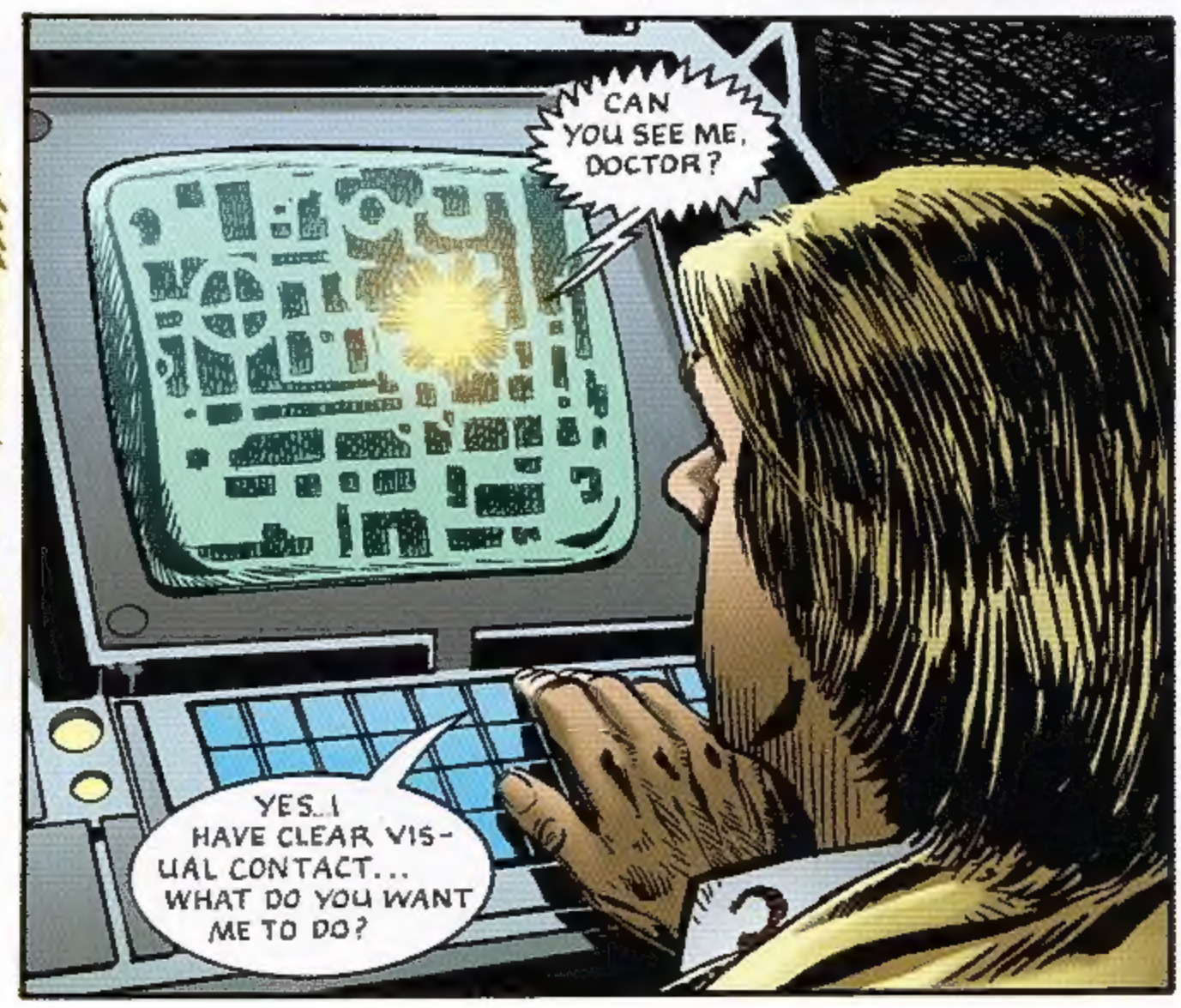
GREETINGS DOCTOR...I AM THE TIME-LORD *TUBAL CAIN*... ASSIGNED TO MILITARY OPERATIONS...
IT SEEMS YOU'RE IN A SPOT OF *BOTHER*, OLD CHAP!


YOU SHOULD BE *ASHAMED* OF YOURSELF! WHAT'S A TIME-LORD DOING SLUMMING AROUND THE MILITARY? GOOD HEAVENS...YOU'LL BE IN *POLITICS* NEXT!

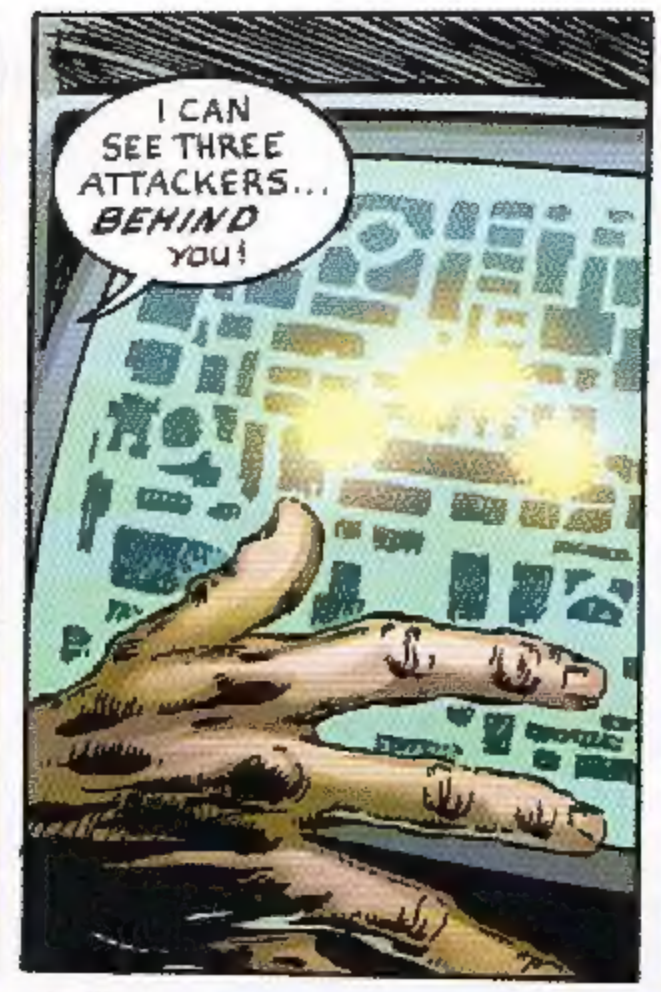

WE'RE HERE TO KEEP A FRIENDLY EYE ON THINGS, DOCTOR... YOUR UNWELCOME VISITOR HAS A CERTAIN, SHALL WE SAY...*POTENTIAL* ...AND THE MILITARY DON'T LIKE TO OVERLOOK *ANYTHING*...

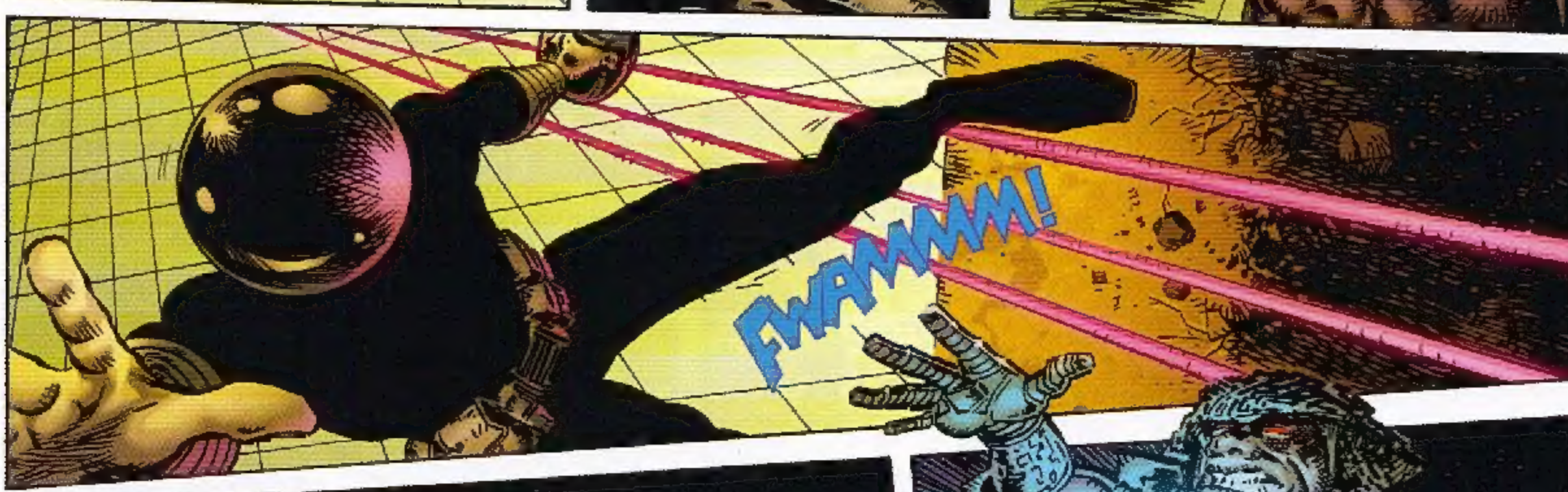

HOW MUCH OF THIS WAS *YOUR* DOING?
THERE'S NO MORE TIME TO BE LOST...


KEEP AN EYE ON THE DISPLAY SCREEN DOCTOR...

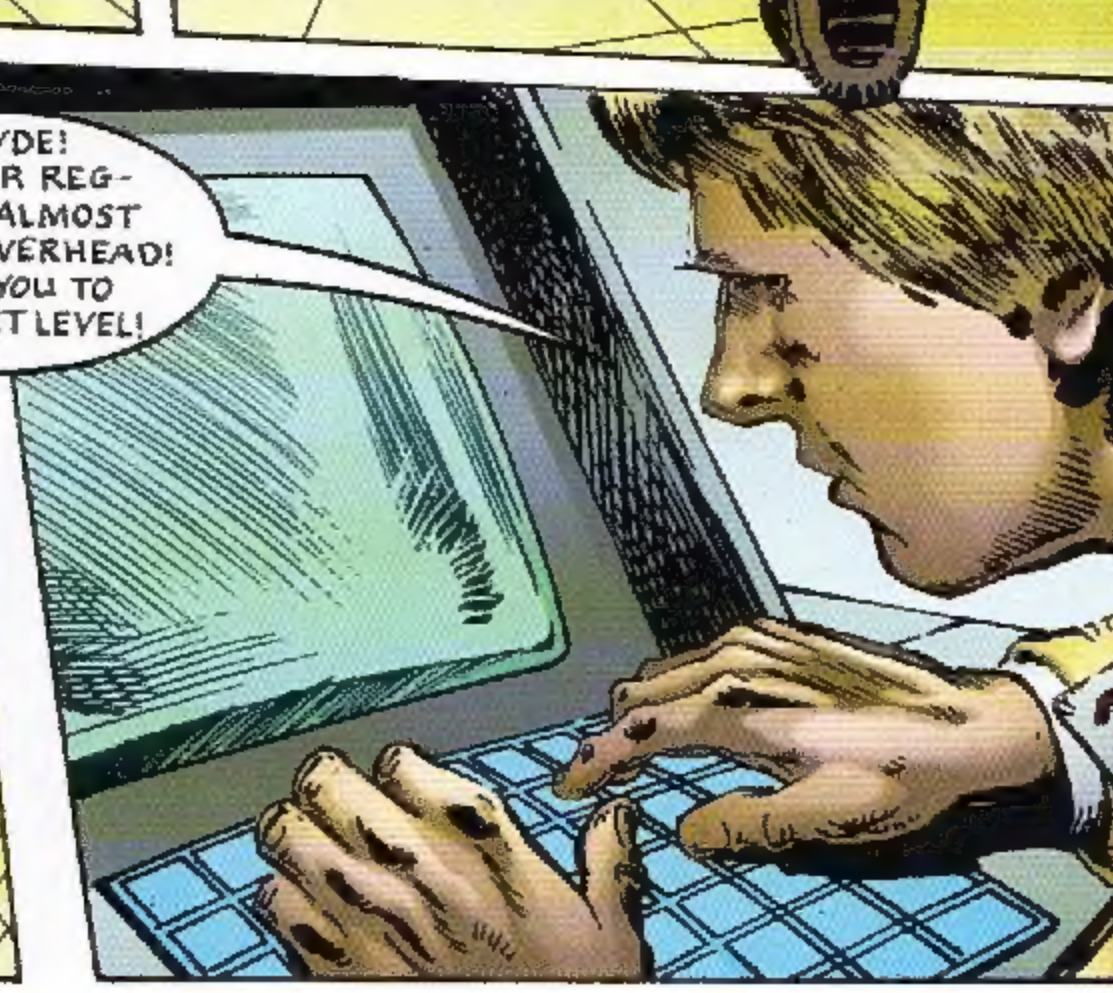

CAN YOU SEE ME, DOCTOR?
YES...I HAVE CLEAR VISUAL CONTACT... WHAT DO YOU WANT ME TO DO?

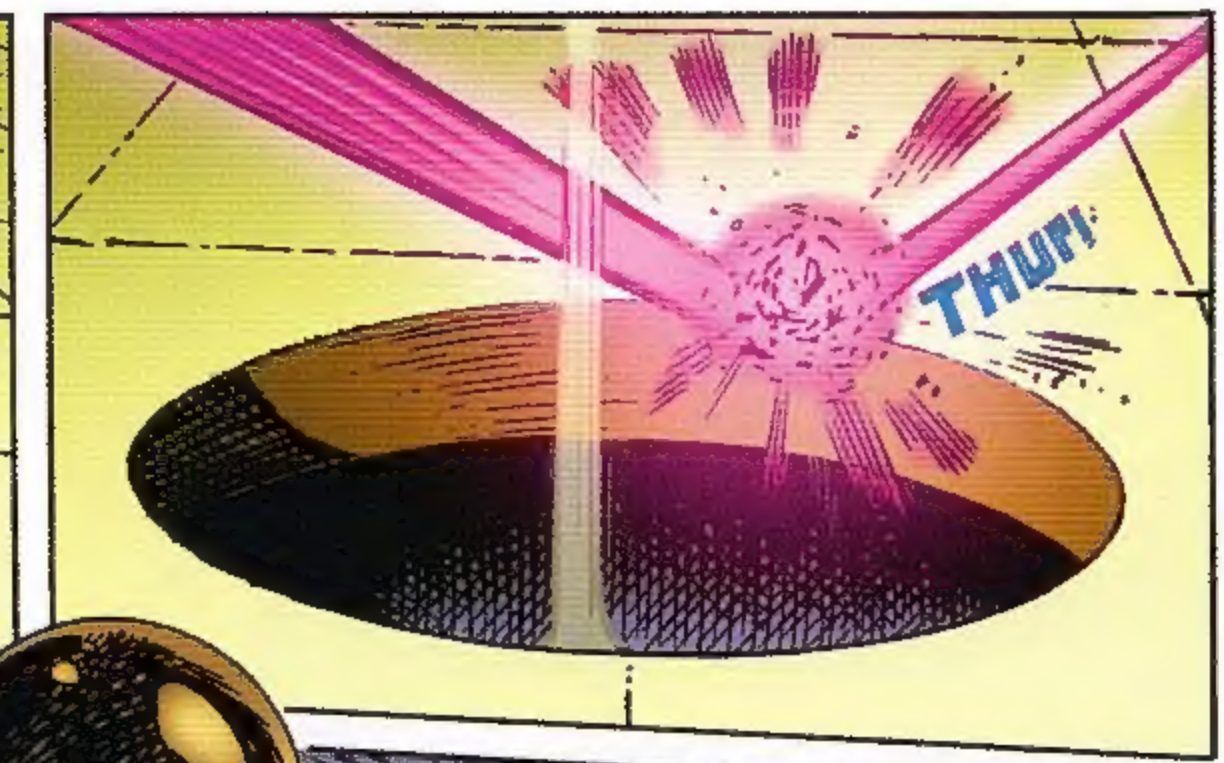
THE CREATURE WILL SENSE AN INTRUDER, AND WILL BEGIN TO ATTACK!
IF YOU CAN WARN ME AHEAD OF TIME, I MAY STAND A BETTER CHANCE!

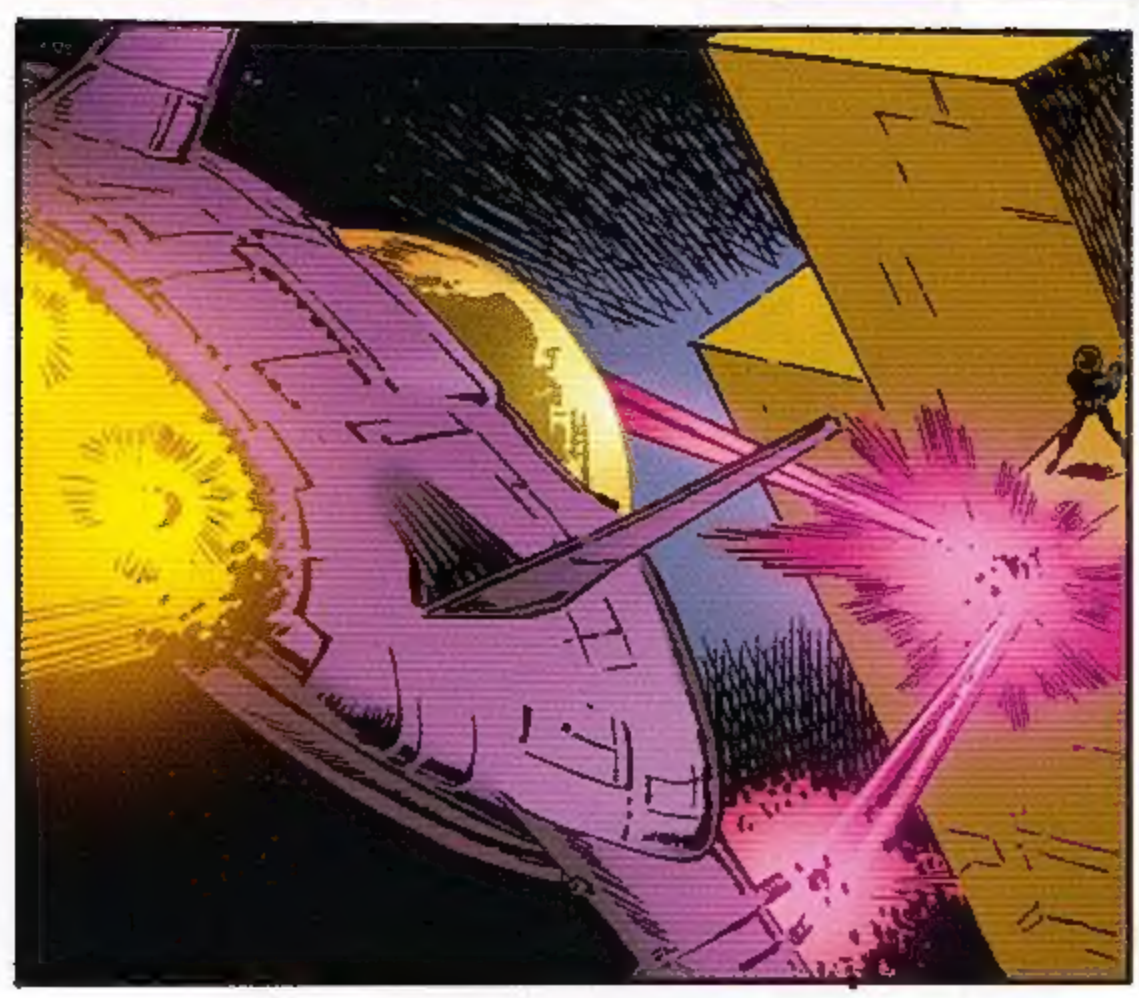

I CAN SEE THREE ATTACKERS... BEHIND YOU!


FWAMMMM!

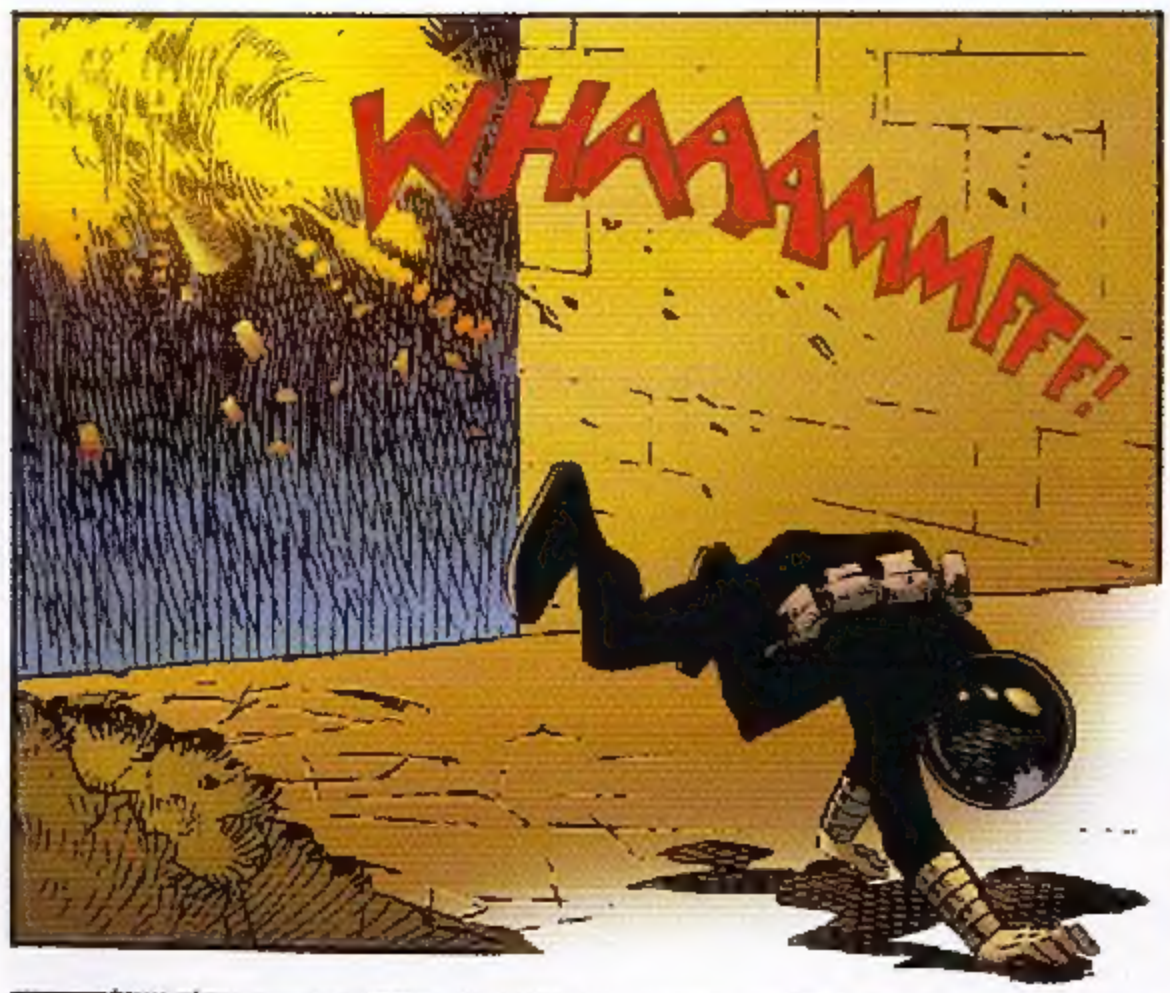
THOOM!

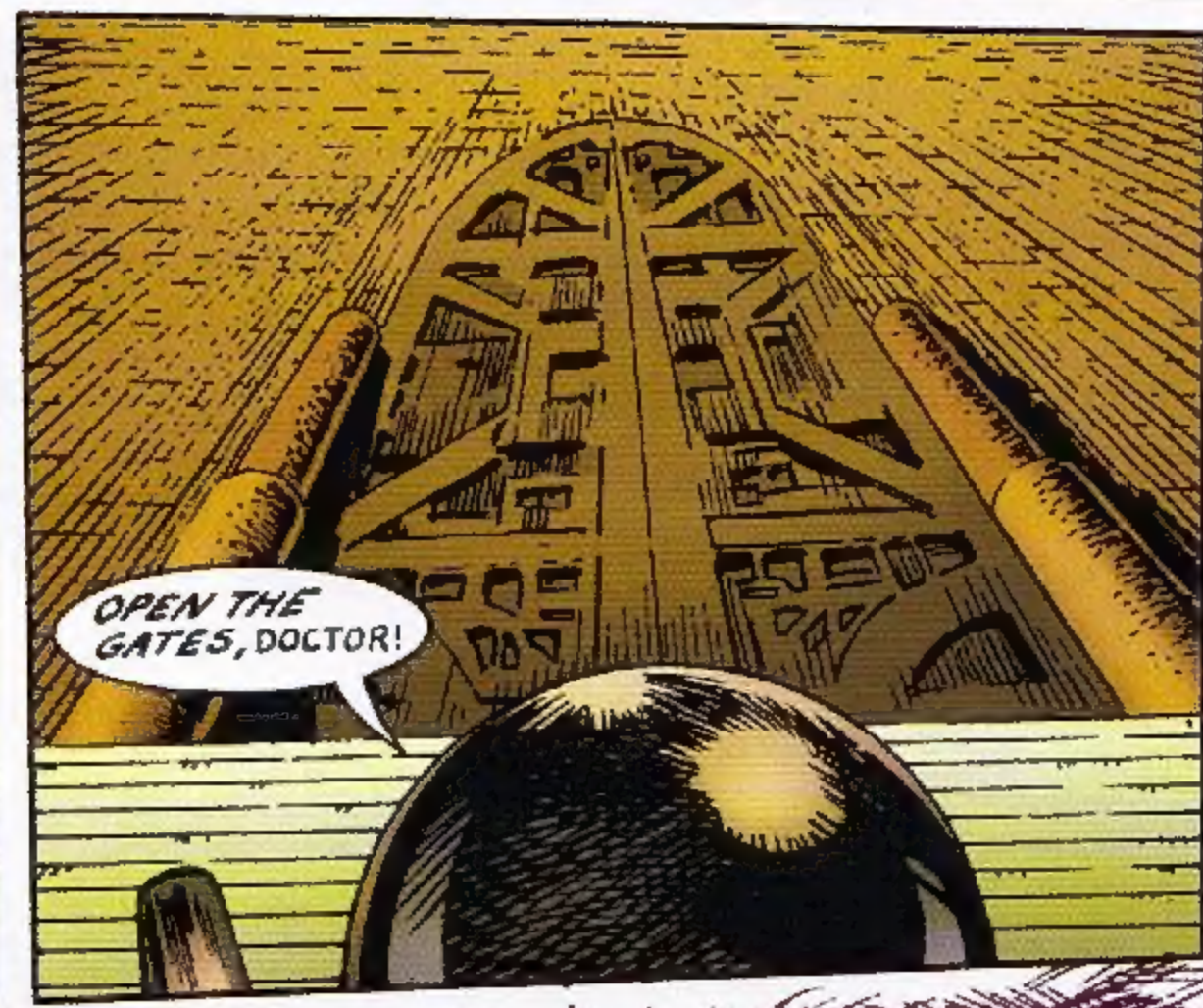

SHAYDE! ATTACKER REGISTERING ALMOST DIRECTLY OVERHEAD! I'LL DROP YOU TO THE NEXT LEVEL!


THUP!



THOOM!!


WHAAAMMFF!


OPEN THE GATES, DOCTOR!

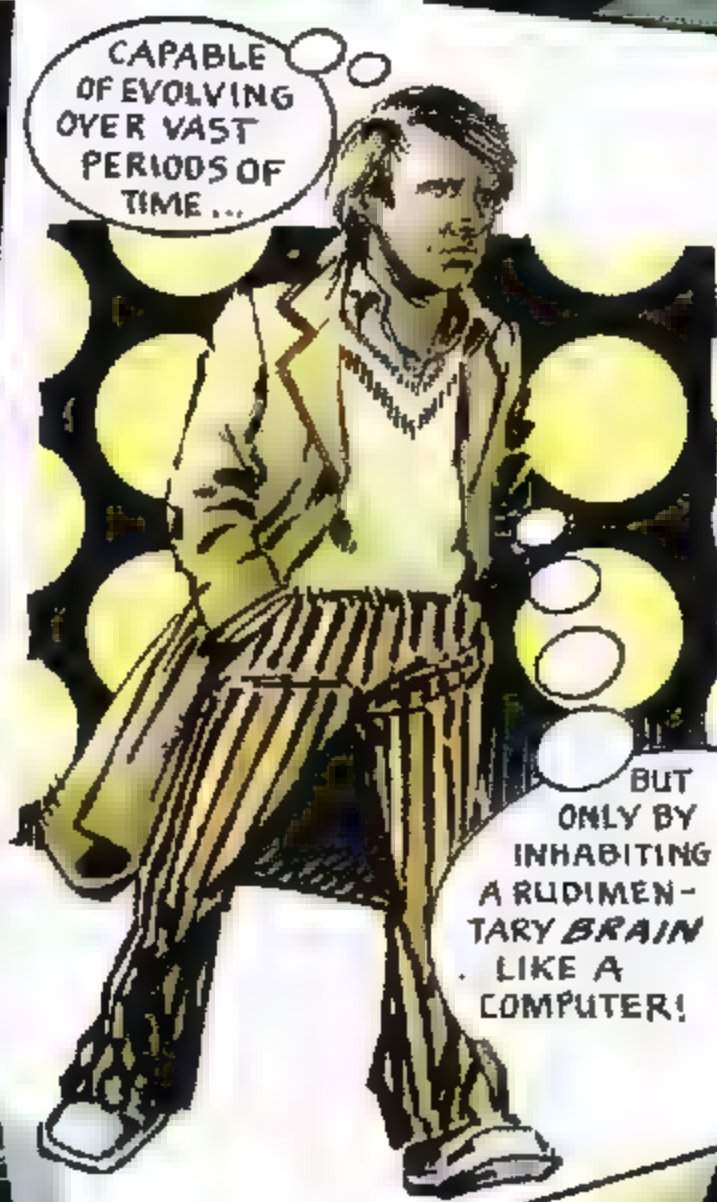
I THINK WE'RE ABOUT TO MEET THE REAL ENEMY!

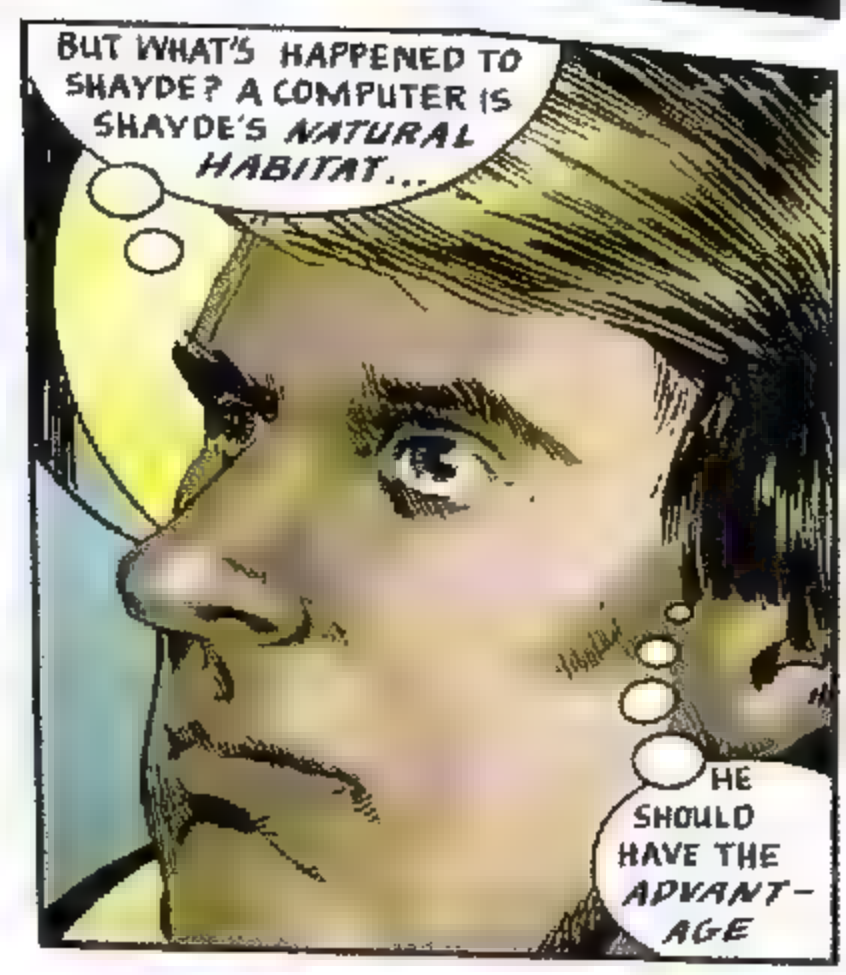
Script Steve Parkhouse Art: Mick Austin & Paul Neary Editor: Alan McKenzie

I SEEK ONLY ONE-NESS ... UNION WITH ALL LIFE...

BUT YOU WOULD ACHIEVE UNION ONLY BY POSSESSING..
I HAVE FELT THE FEAR THAT YOU GENERATE ..

THIS IS THE FIRST TIME I'VE EVER HAD TO USE SENSORS FOR SOMETHING INSIDE THE TARDIS...
AHA! IT'S SOME FORM OF RUDIMENTARY LIFE, NOTHING MORE THAN AN IMPULSE OF ENERGY...

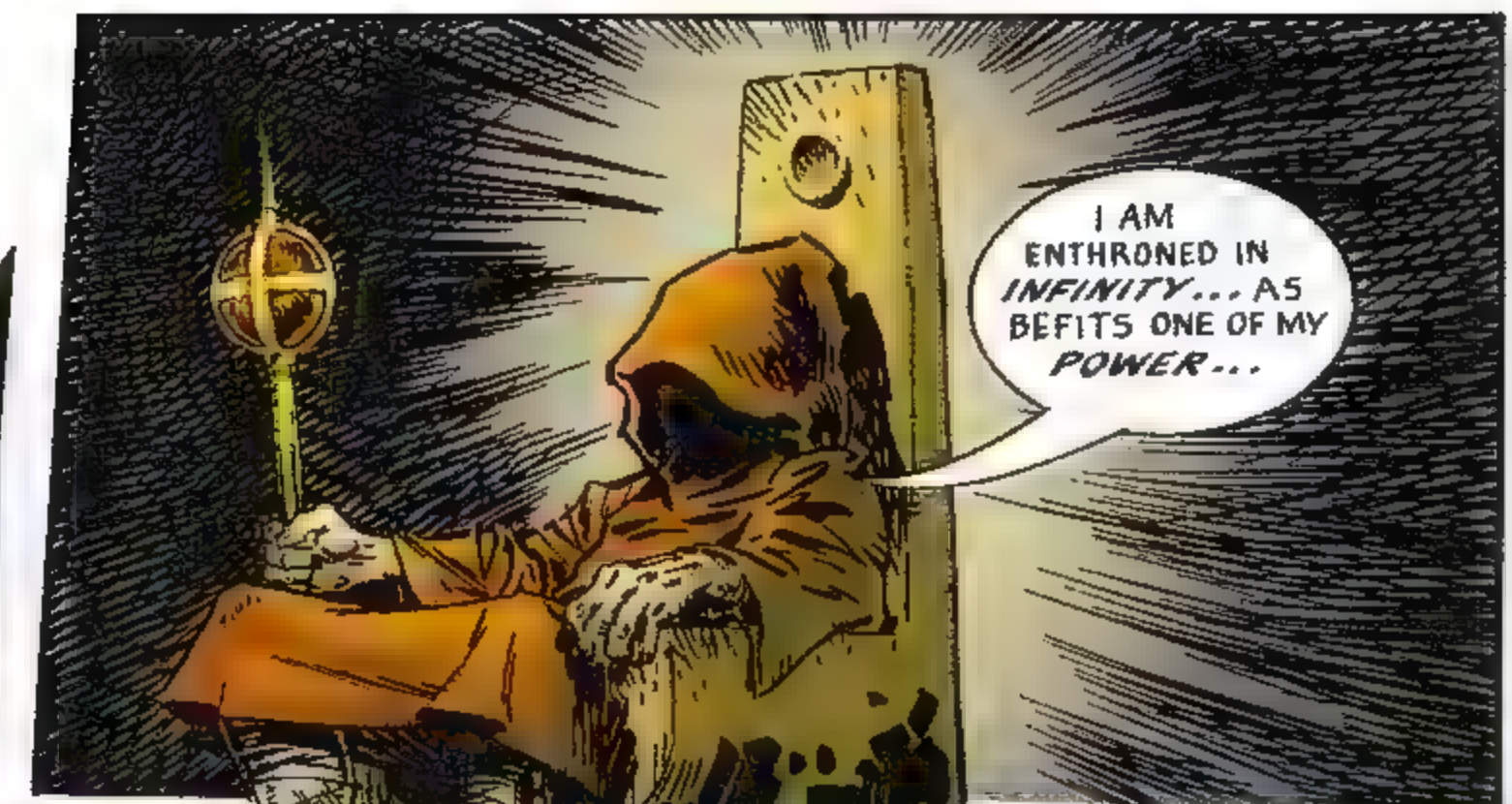

CAPABLE OF EVOLVING OVER VAST PERIODS OF TIME...
BUT ONLY BY INHABITING A RUDIMENTARY BRAIN LIKE A COMPUTER!

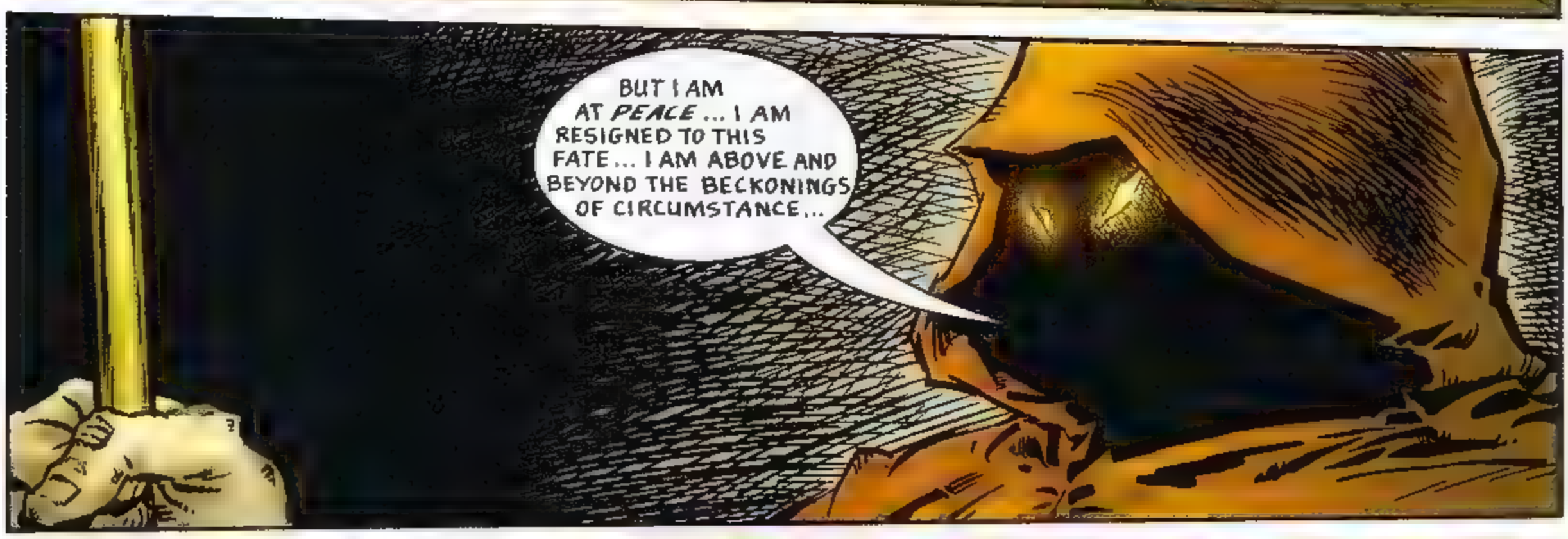

BUT WHAT'S HAPPENED TO SHAYDE? A COMPUTER IS SHAYDE'S NATURAL HABITAT...
HE SHOULD HAVE THE ADVANTAGE

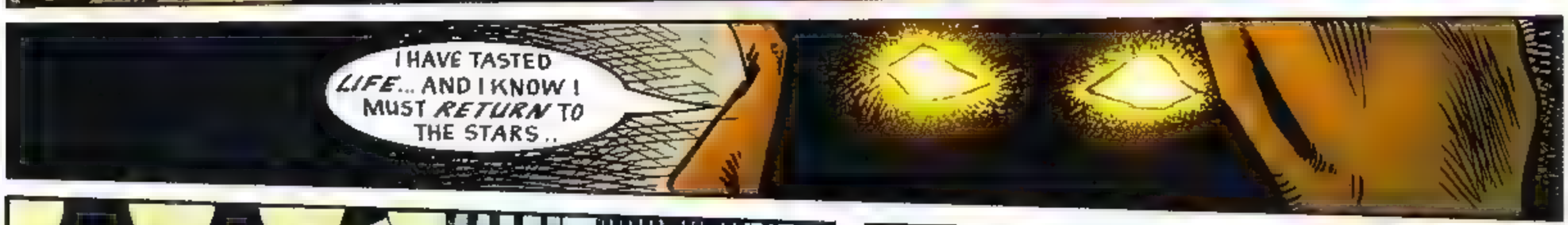
HAS SHAYDE ESTABLISHED SOME FORM OF CONTROL OVER THE CREATURE?
IT WOULD SEEM SO... THE CREATURE IS NOW SPEAKING RATIONALLY...

SO PERHAPS I'D BETTER ASK IT SOMETHING.

WHERE ARE YOU?


I AM ENTHRONED IN *INFINITY*... AS BEFITS ONE OF MY *POWER*...

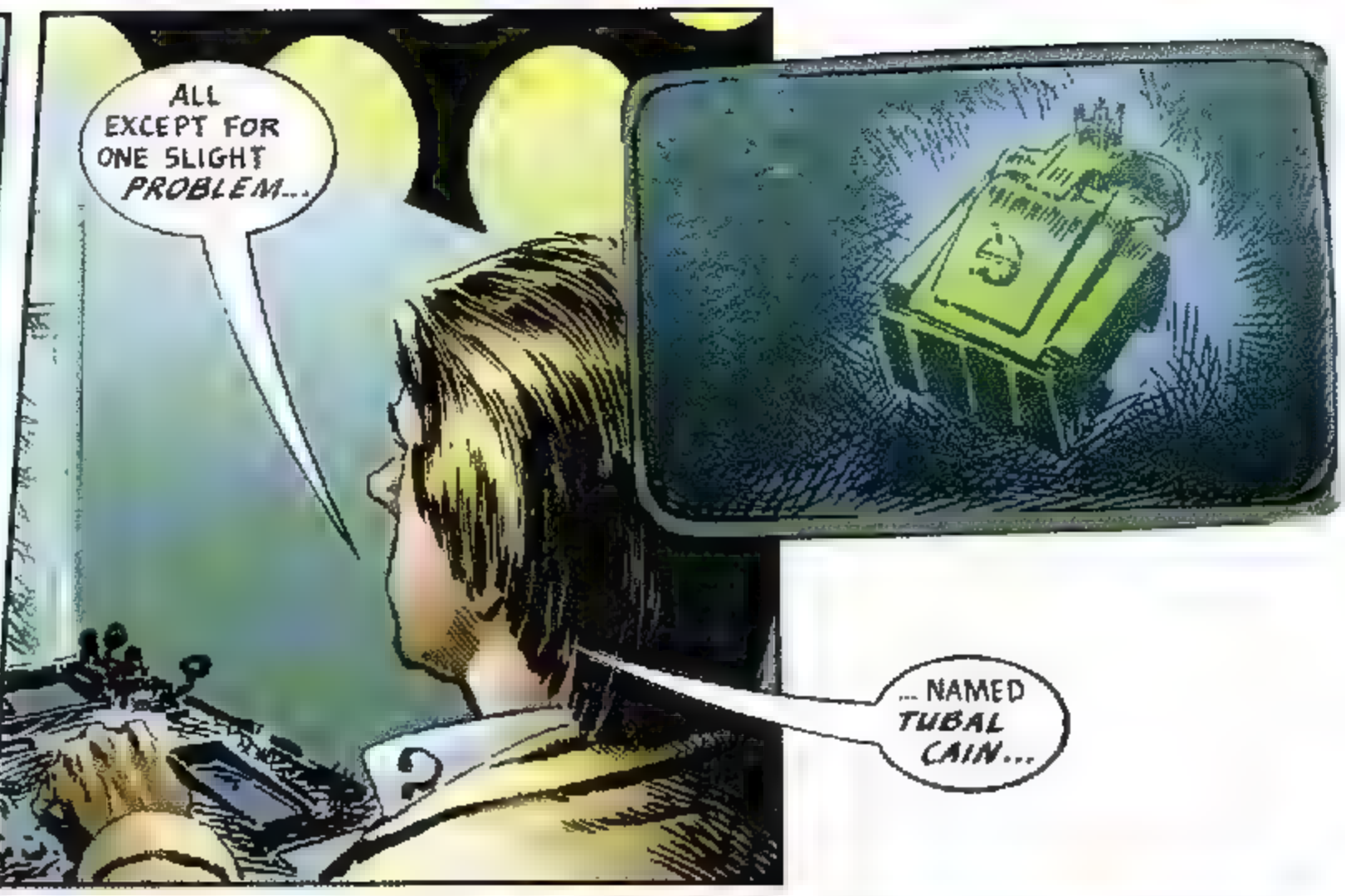

BUT I AM AT *PEACE*... I AM RESIGNED TO THIS FATE... I AM ABOVE AND BEYOND THE BECKONINGS OF CIRCUMSTANCE...

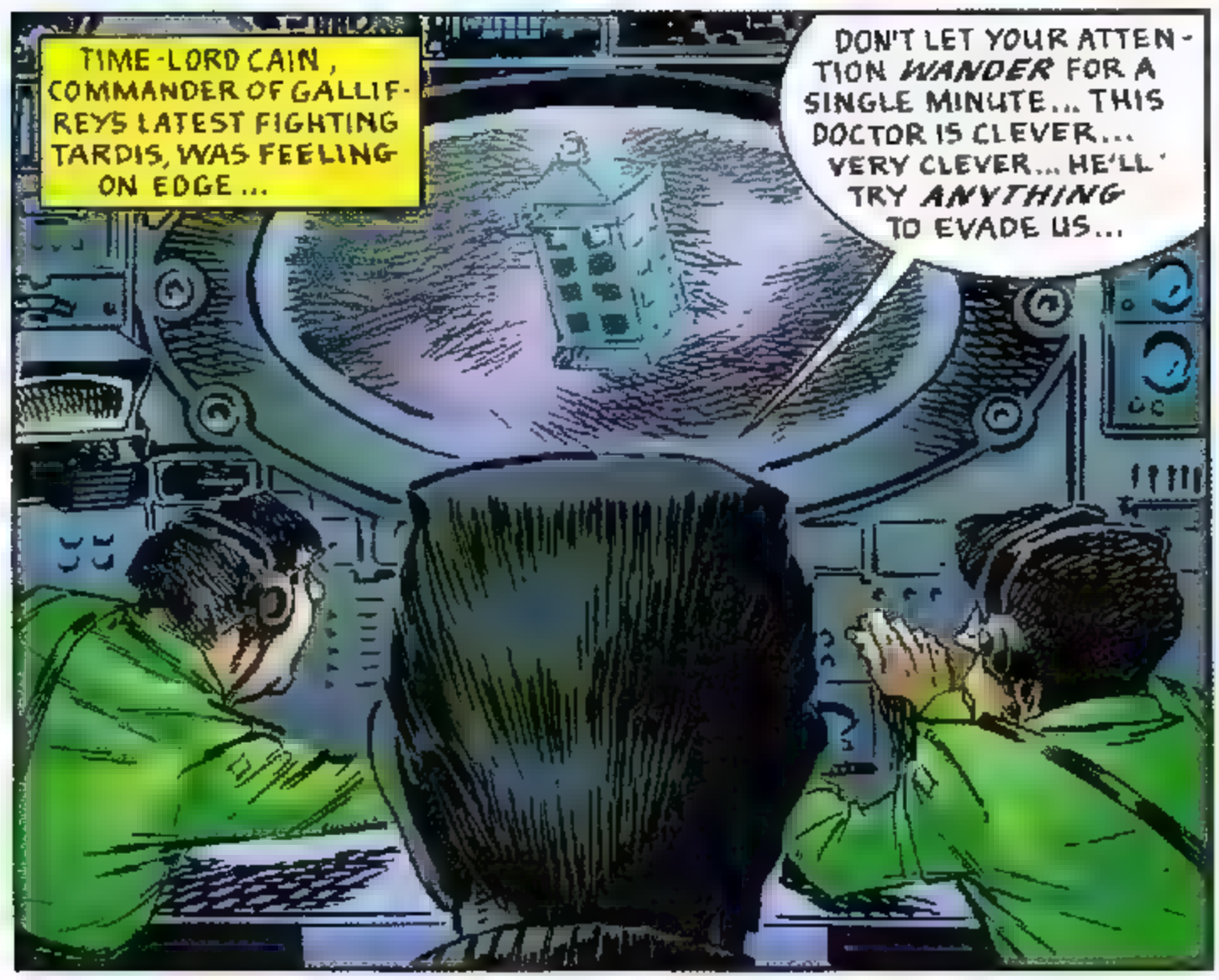

I HAVE TASTED *LIFE*... AND I KNOW I MUST *RETURN* TO THE STARS..

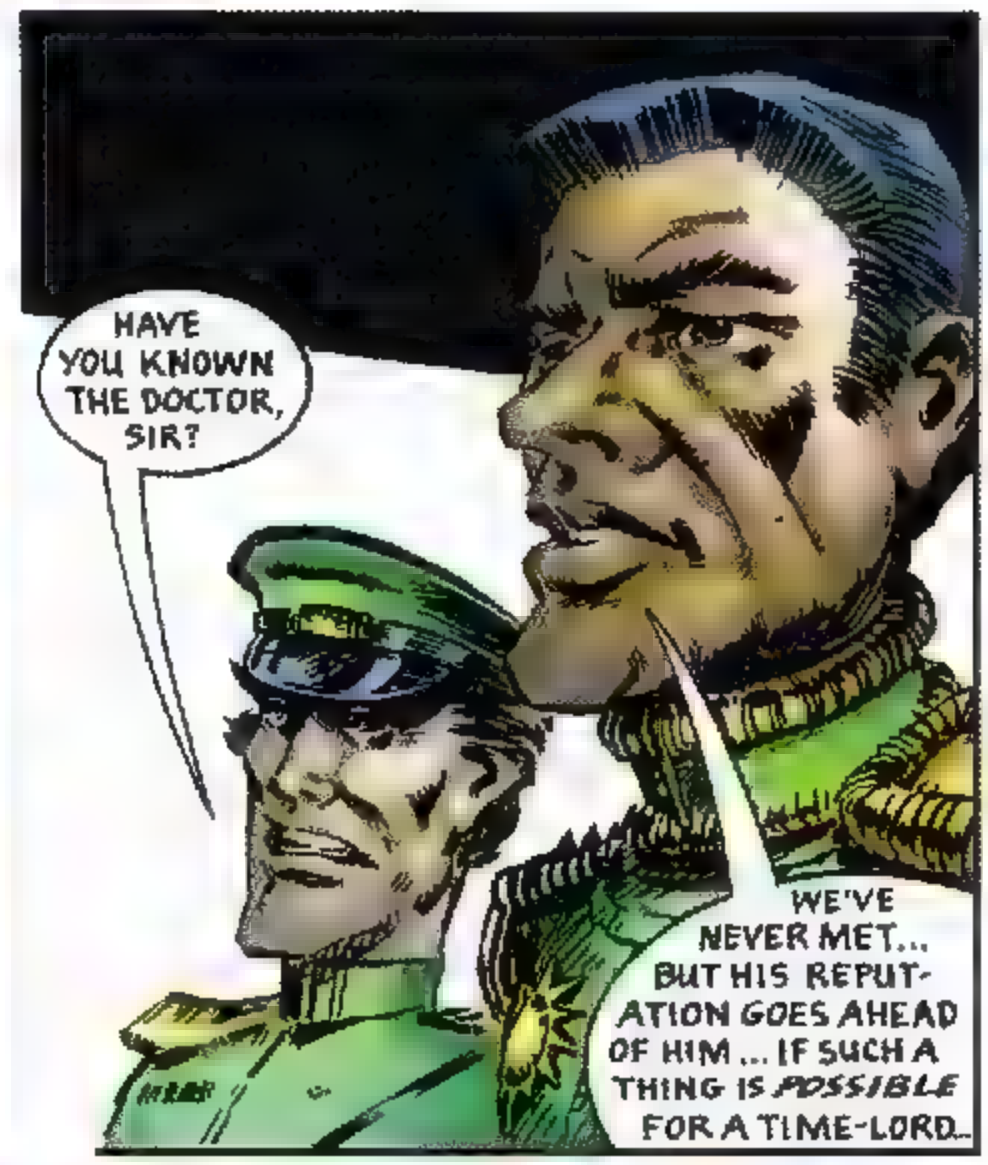
SHAYDE HAS MANOEUVRED HIM INTO THE *MATRIX*! THAT'S *INCREDIBLE*! MY RESPECT FOR HIM HAS TREBLED!

SHAYDE IS BACK ON GALLIFREY... AND THE CREATURE IS *SUBDUED* AND SAFE IN THE MATRIX... FOR THE TIME BEING...

AND THE TARDIS IS MINE AGAIN... BATTERED AND BRUISED... BUT *MINE!*

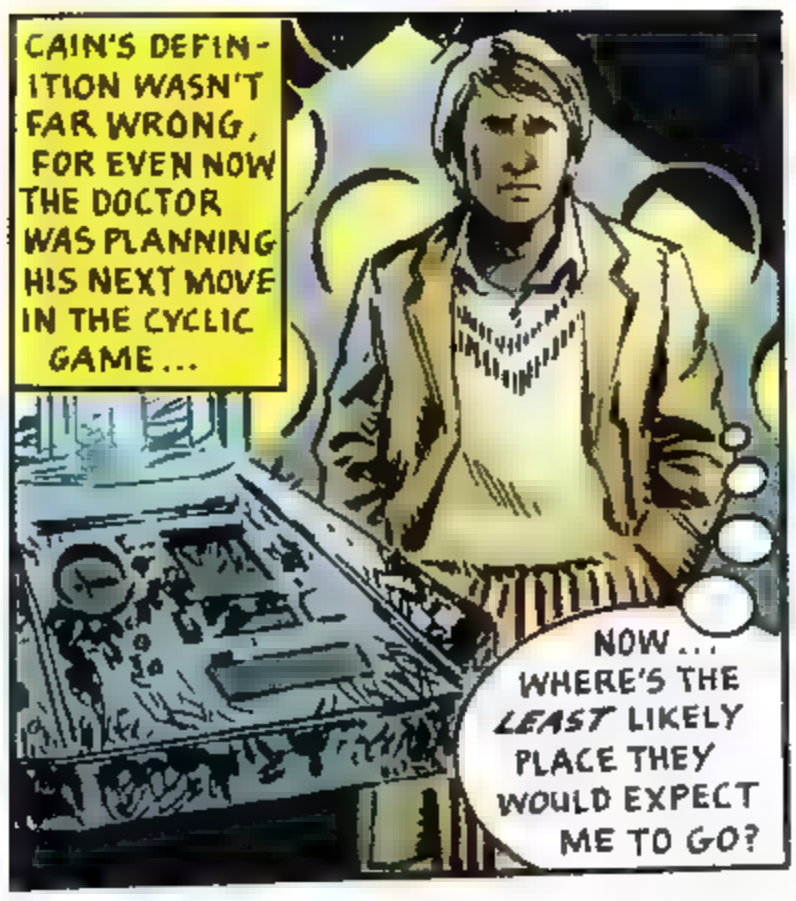

ALL EXCEPT FOR ONE SLIGHT *PROBLEM...*
... NAMED *TUBAL CAIN...*

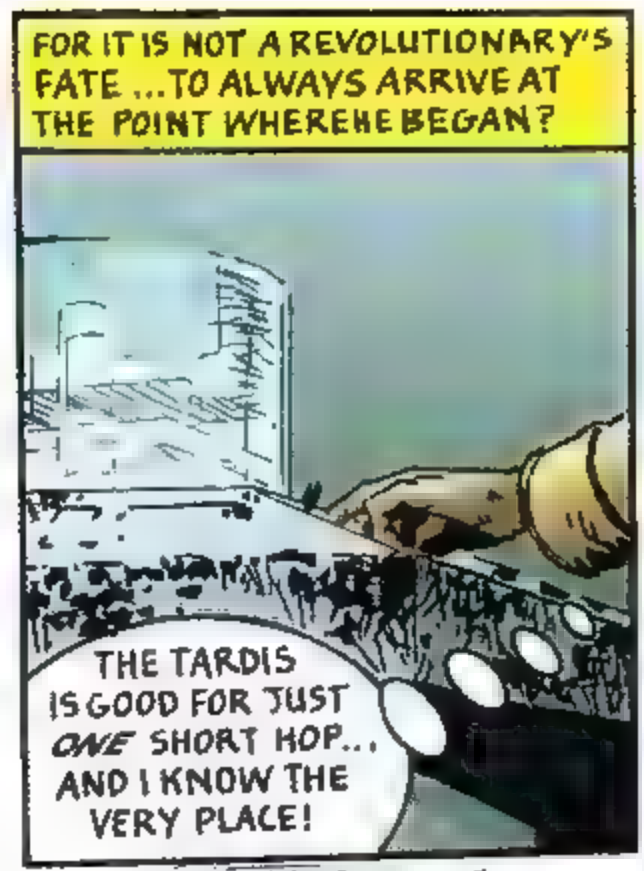

TIME-LORD CAIN, COMMANDER OF GALLIFREYS LATEST FIGHTING TARDIS, WAS FEELING ON EDGE...
DON'T LET YOUR ATTENTION *WANDER* FOR A SINGLE MINUTE... THIS DOCTOR IS CLEVER... VERY CLEVER... HE'LL TRY *ANYTHING* TO EVADE US...

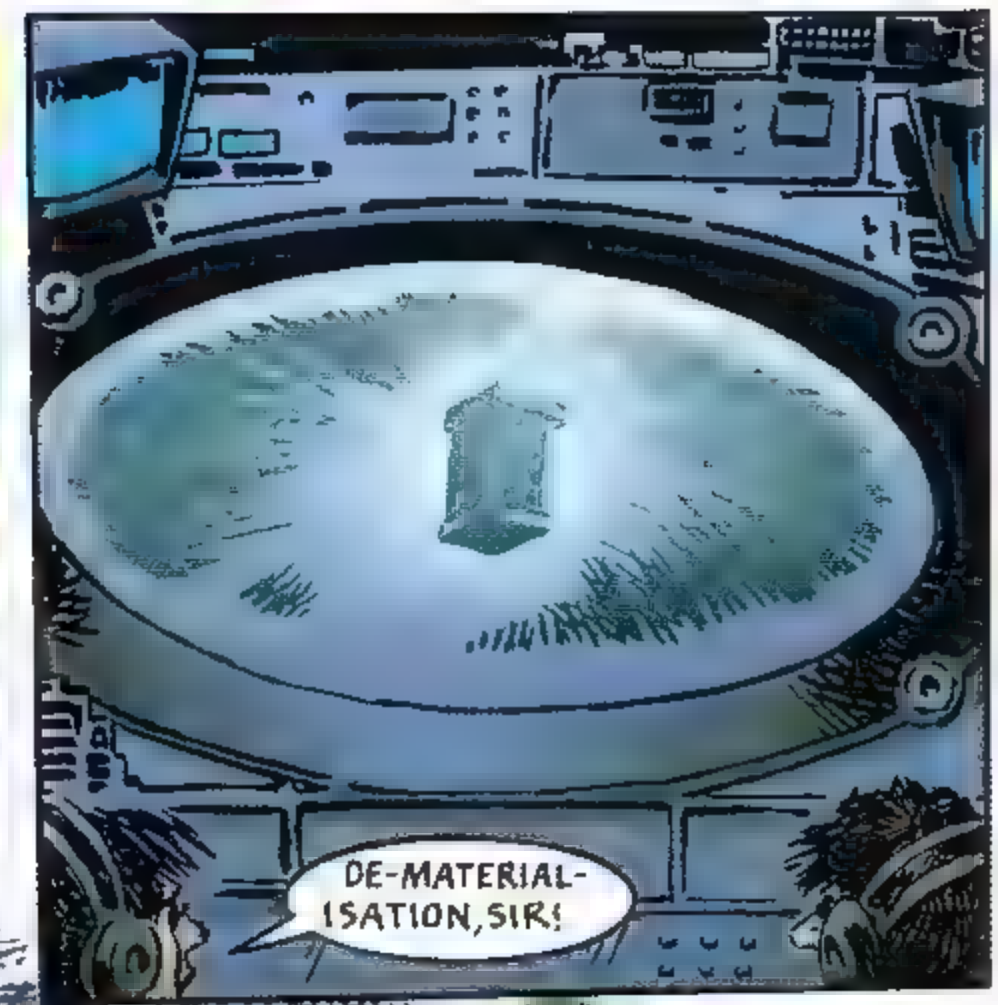

HAVE YOU KNOWN THE DOCTOR, SIR?
WE'VE NEVER MET... BUT HIS REPUTATION GOES AHEAD OF HIM... IF SUCH A THING IS *POSSIBLE* FOR A TIME-LORD...

THE DOCTOR HAS SINGLE-HANDEDLY *REVOLUTIONIZED* OUR CONCEPT OF TIME TRAVEL...

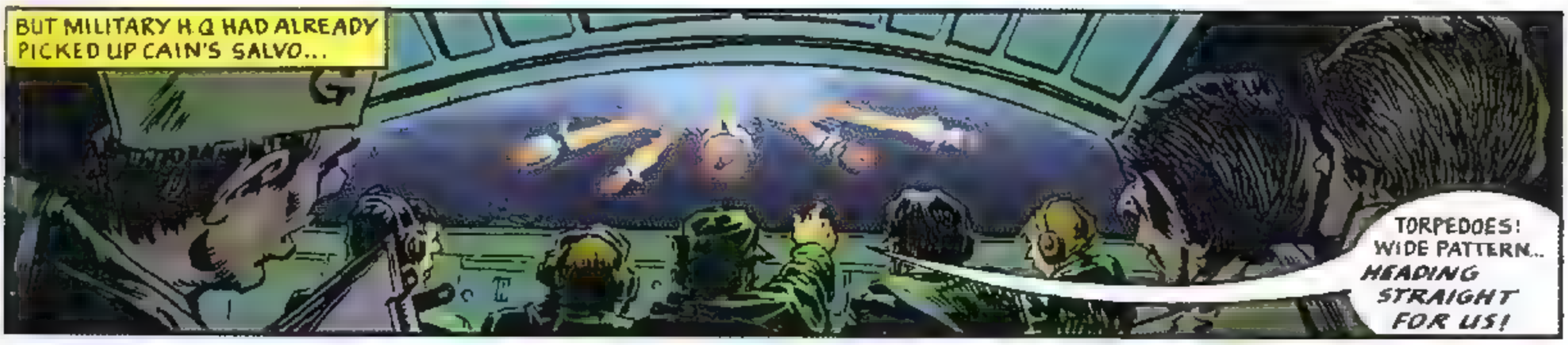
BUT WE GALLIFREYANS ARE CONSERVATIVE PEOPLE... WE DON'T *LIKE* REVOLUTIONS... AND WE CARE EVEN *LESS* FOR REVOLUTIONARIES!

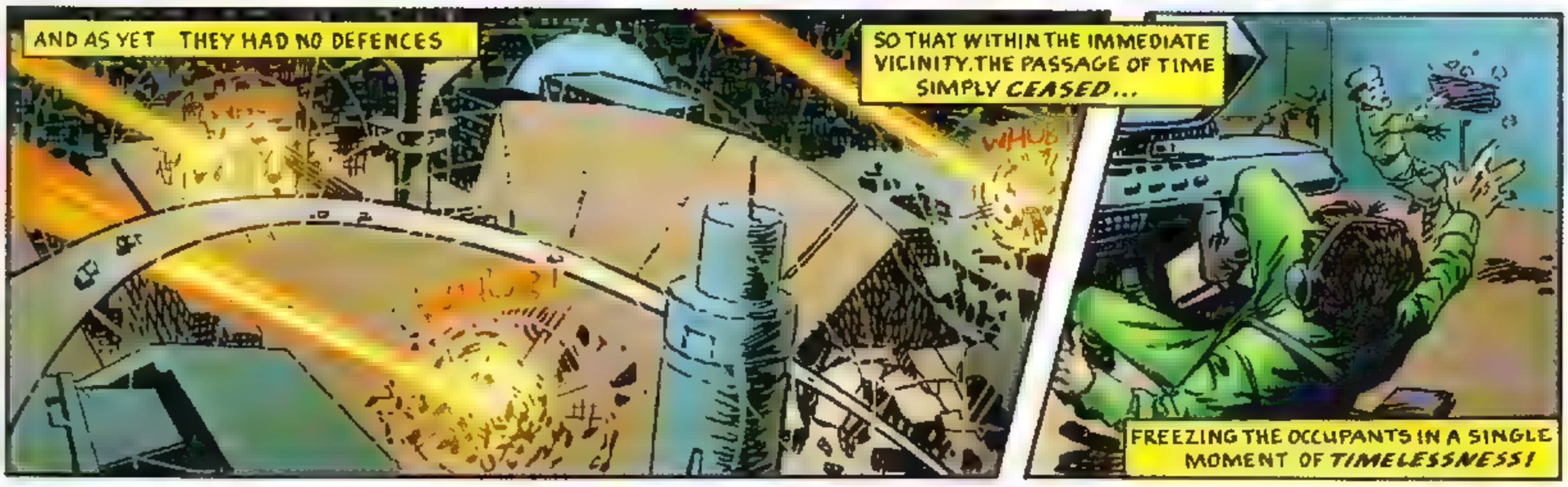




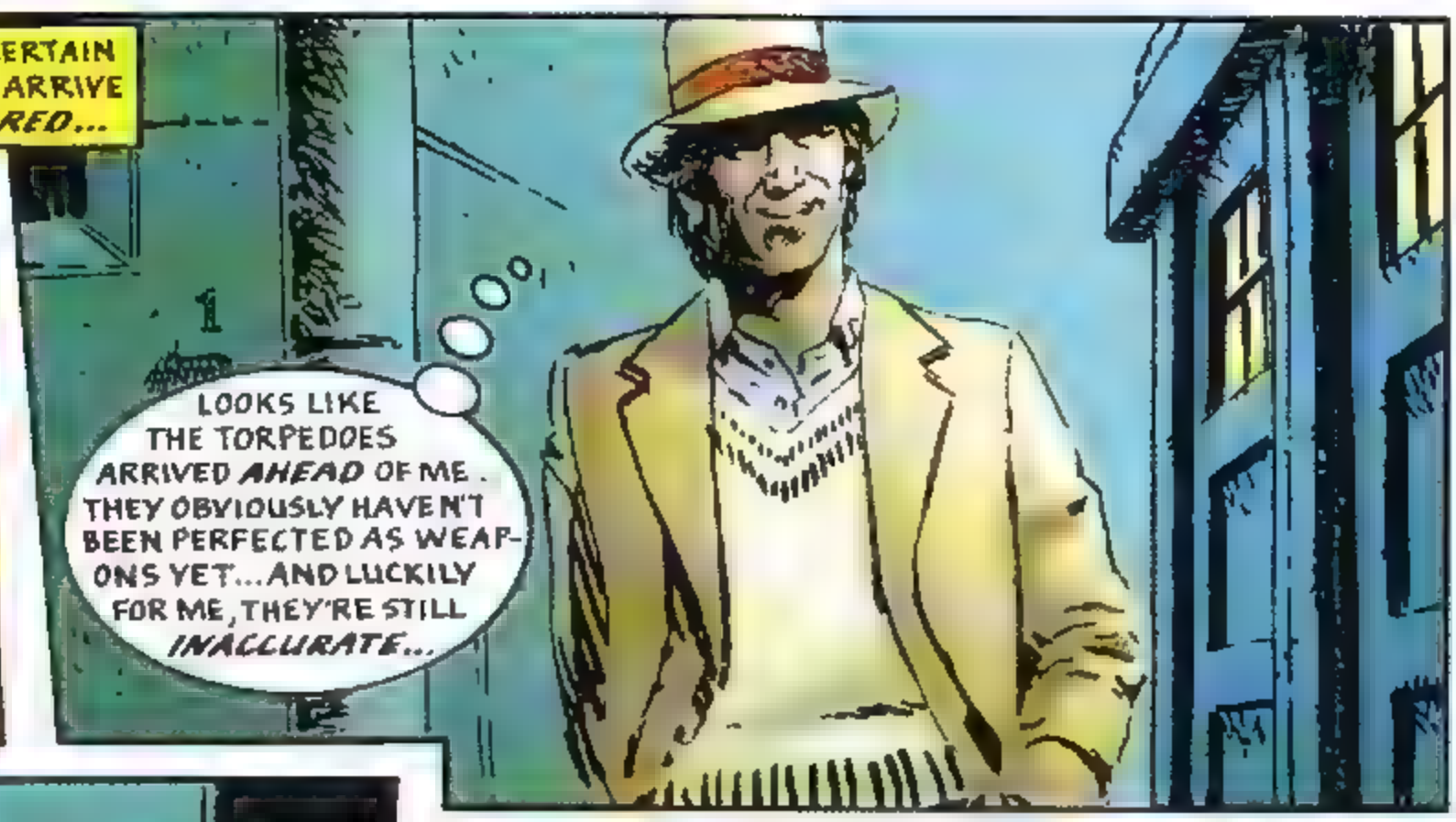


DESTINATION FIX, SIR... MILITARY H.Q. *GALLIFREY!*

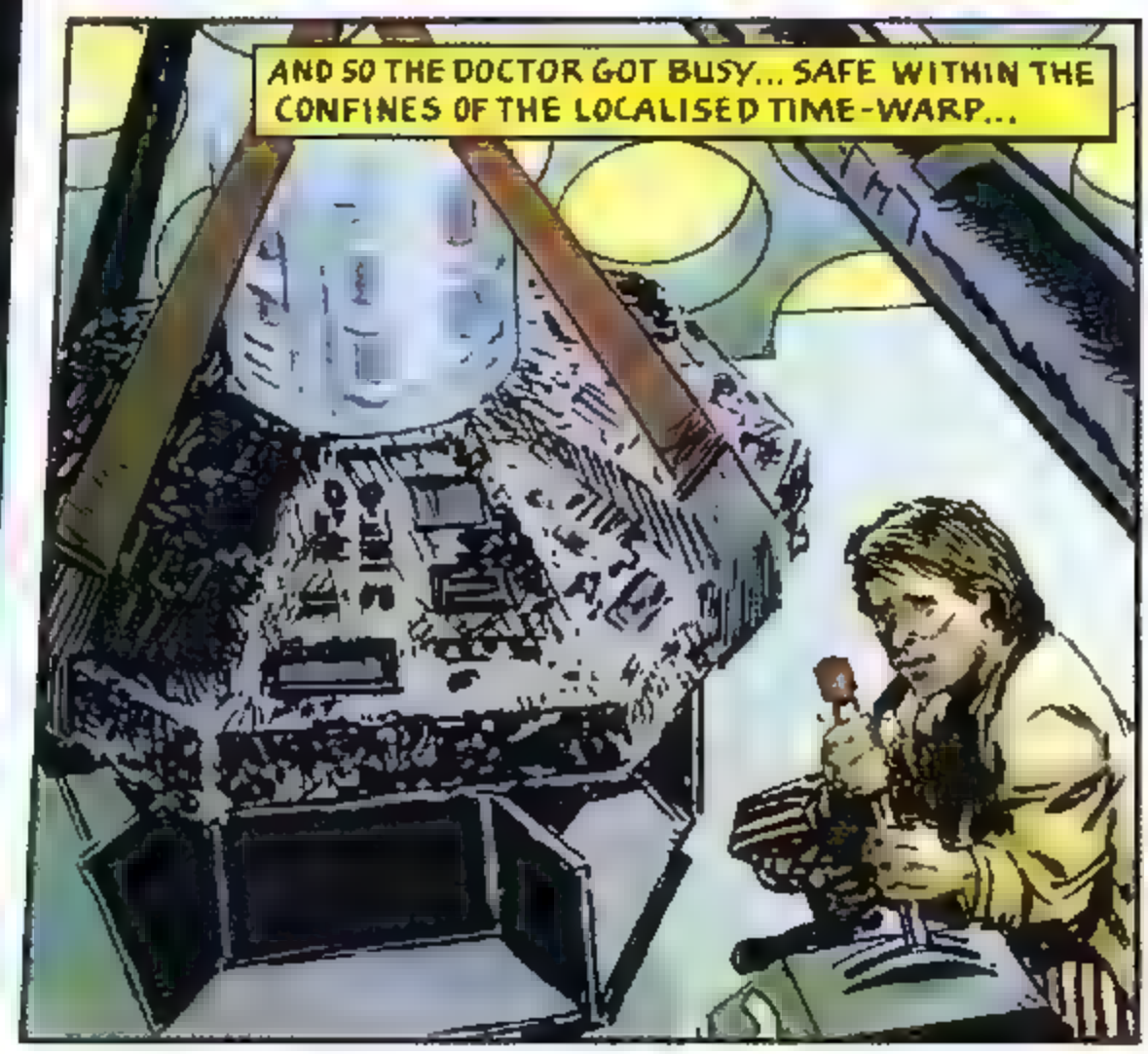

BUT MILITARY H.Q HAD ALREADY PICKED UP CAIN'S SALVO...
TORPEDOES! WIDE PATTERN... HEADING STRAIGHT FOR US!


AND AS YET THEY HAD NO DEFENCES
SO THAT WITHIN THE IMMEDIATE VICINITY, THE PASSAGE OF TIME SIMPLY CEASED...
FREEZING THE OCCUPANTS IN A SINGLE MOMENT OF TIMELESSNESS!

ALLOWING A CERTAIN BLUE BOX TO ARRIVE UNHINDERED...
WARP

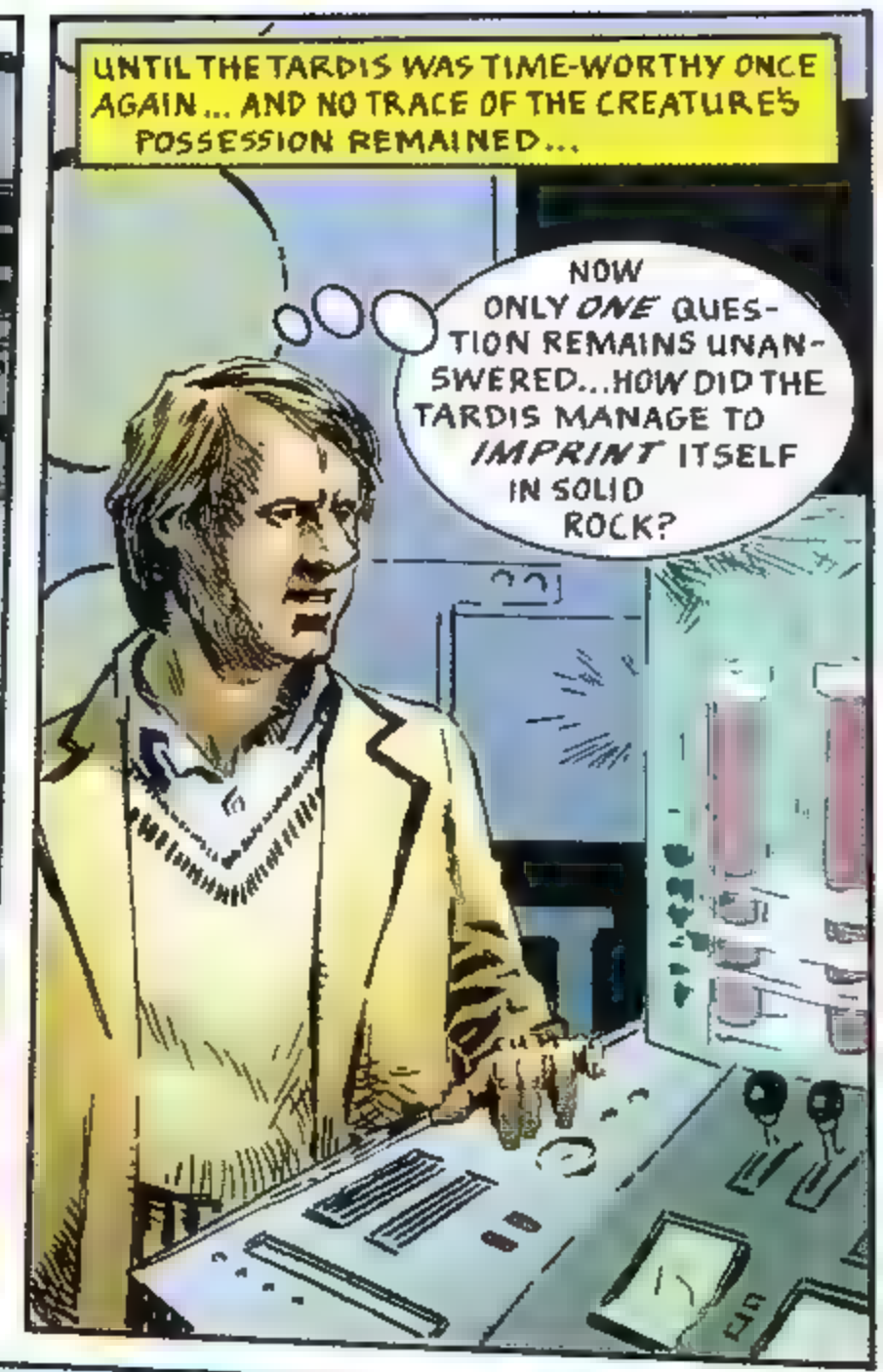

LOOKS LIKE THE TORPEDOES ARRIVED AHEAD OF ME. THEY OBVIOUSLY HAVEN'T BEEN PERFECTED AS WEAPONS YET... AND LUCKILY FOR ME, THEY'RE STILL INACCURATE...

BUT AT LEAST THEY'VE CREATED A NICE LITTLE TIME-WARP WHERE I CAN REST AND RE-BUILD THE TARDIS... WITH ALL THIS MILITARY TECHNOLOGY AT MY DISPOSAL!

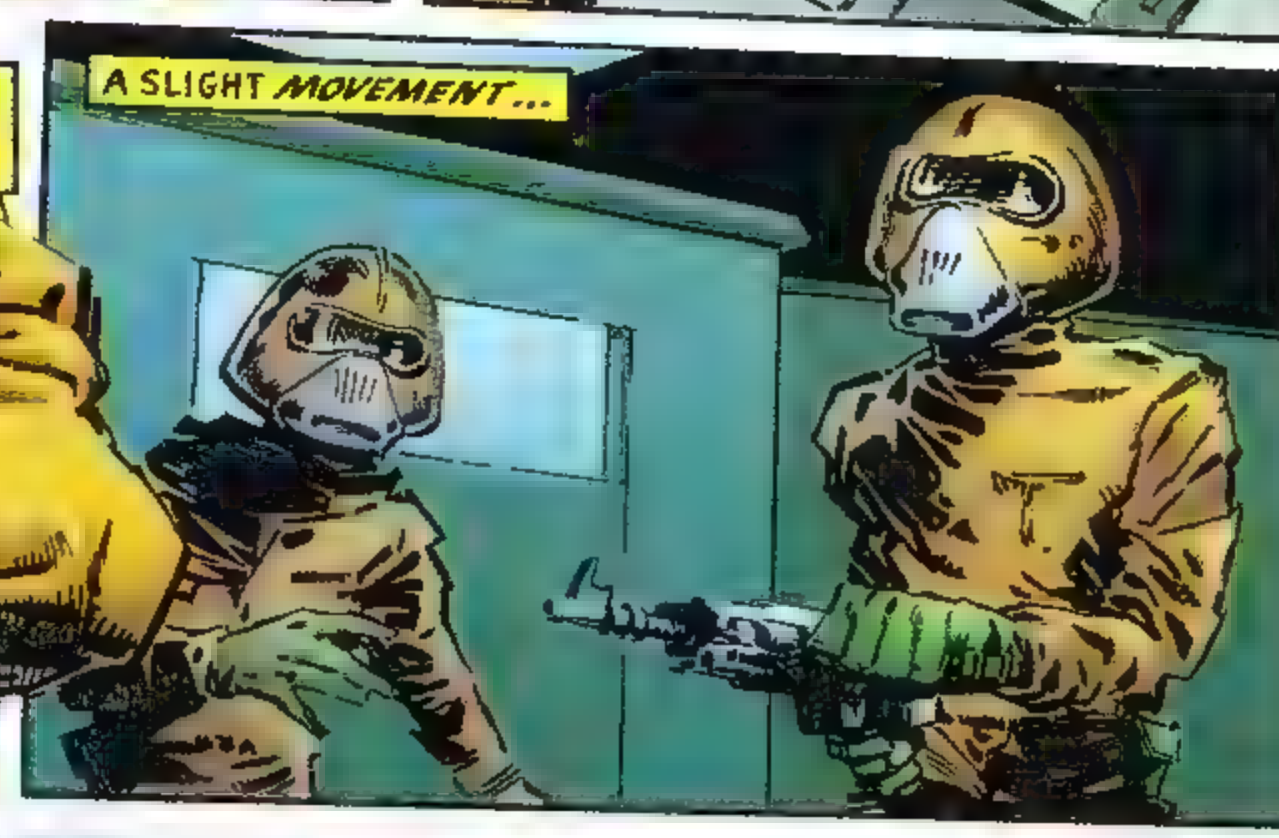

AND SO THE DOCTOR GOT BUSY... SAFE WITHIN THE CONFINES OF THE LOCALISED TIME-WARP...

THE WEEKS ROLLED BY AND THE DOCTOR PATIENTLY RE-BUILT HIS SHATTERED TIME-CAPSULE...

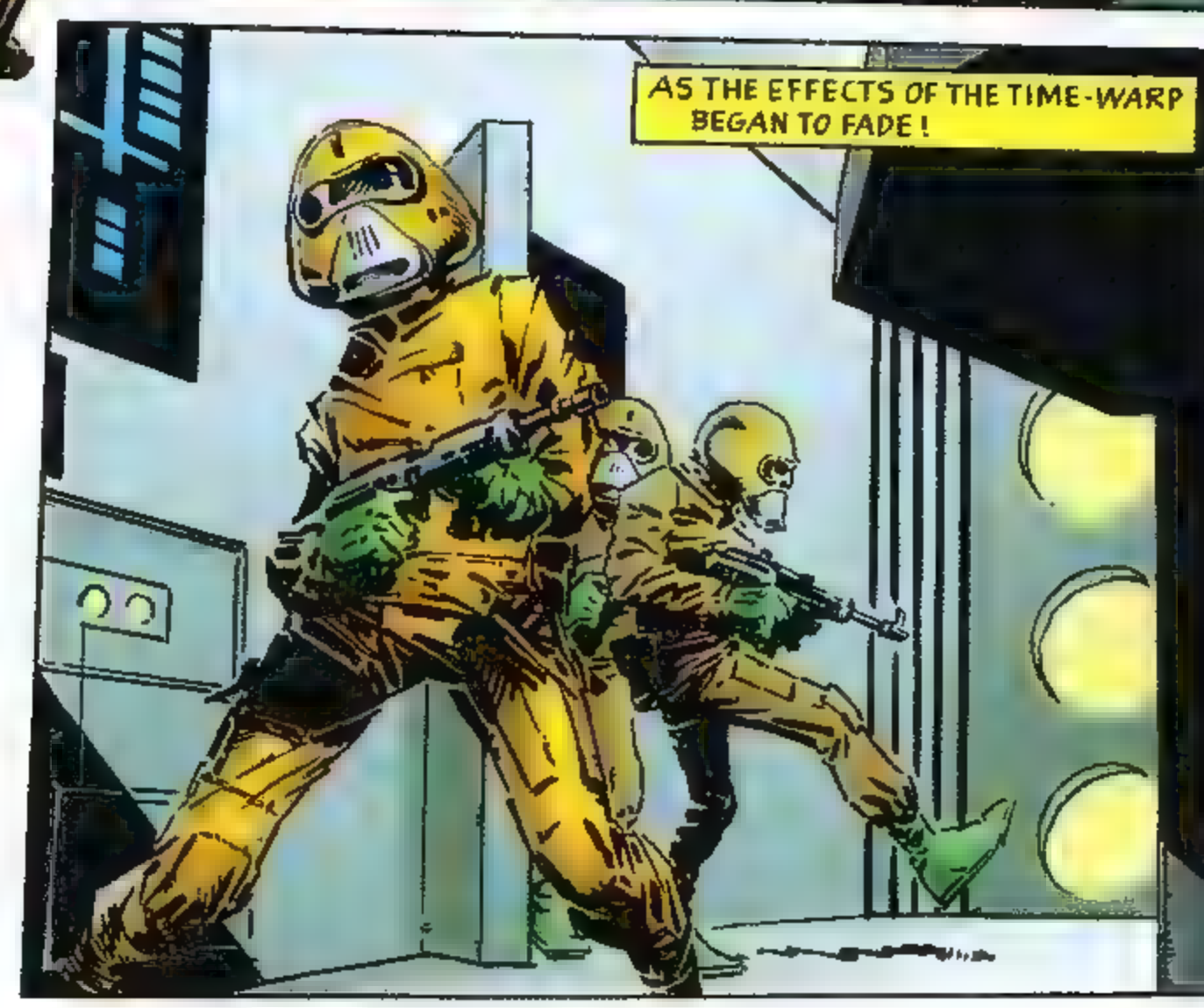
AND AS TIME PASSED FOR HIM AT THE SAME RATE AS *OUT-SIDE* THE WARP, HIS INJURIES HEALED AND THE WORK WENT FASTER...


UNTIL THE TARDIS WAS TIME-WORTHY ONCE AGAIN... AND NO TRACE OF THE CREATURE'S POSSESSION REMAINED...
NOW ONLY *ONE* QUES-TION REMAINS UNAN-SWERED...HOW DID THE TARDIS MANAGE TO *IMPRINT* ITSELF IN SOLID ROCK?

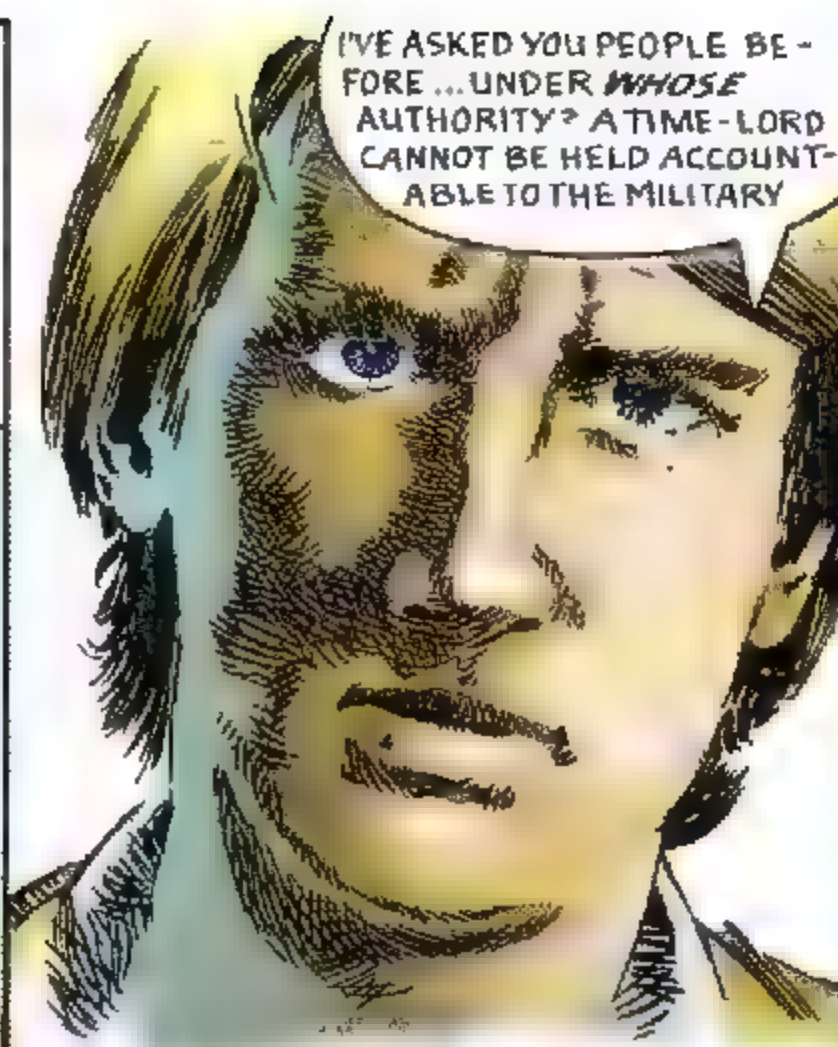
OUTSIDE THE TARDIS, IN THE SILENCE OF NO-TIME ... A TINY NOISE ...


A SLIGHT *MOVEMENT*...

A STAGGER ..A RUSH ...A CLATTER OF HEAVILY SHOD FEET... AN *ACCELERATION*...


AS THE EFFECTS OF THE TIME-WARP BEGAN TO FADE!

STAY AWAY FROM THAT CONSOLE AND KEEP QUITE STILL! I HAVE ORDERS TO PLACE YOU UNDER ARMED ARREST!


I'VE ASKED YOU PEOPLE BEFORE ... UNDER WHOSE AUTHORITY? A TIME-LORD CANNOT BE HELD ACCOUNTABLE TO THE MILITARY

YOU ARE NO LONGER DEALING WITH MILITARY AUTHORITY, DOCTOR...

...YOU ARE DEALING WITH ME!
RASSILON!
YOU HAVE BEEN PLACED UNDER ARREST BY MY AUTHORITY... YOUR CRAFT IS IMPOUNDED FORTHWITH...
YOU WILL APPEAR BEFORE THE HIGHEST AUTHORITY ON GALLIFREY TO ACCOUNT FOR YOUR IRRESPONSIBLE ACTIONS...
IF YOU FAIL TO SATISFY US YOUR TARDIS WILL BE IMPOUNDED INDEFINITELY...
AND YOU WILL SPEND THE REST OF YOUR DAYS IMPOUNDED ON GALLIFREY!

SCRIPT-STEVE PARKHOUSE ART-MICK AUSTIN LETTERS-STEVE CRADDOCK EDITOR-ALAN McKENZIE

FACTS, DOCTOR... FOR INSTANCE...
YOU TRANSPORTED A TERRESTRIAL BEING TO A DERELICT SPACE-CRAFT...
"AND THERE INFLICTED UPON HIM THE MOST DISTURBING EXPERIENCE OF HIS LIFE...' *

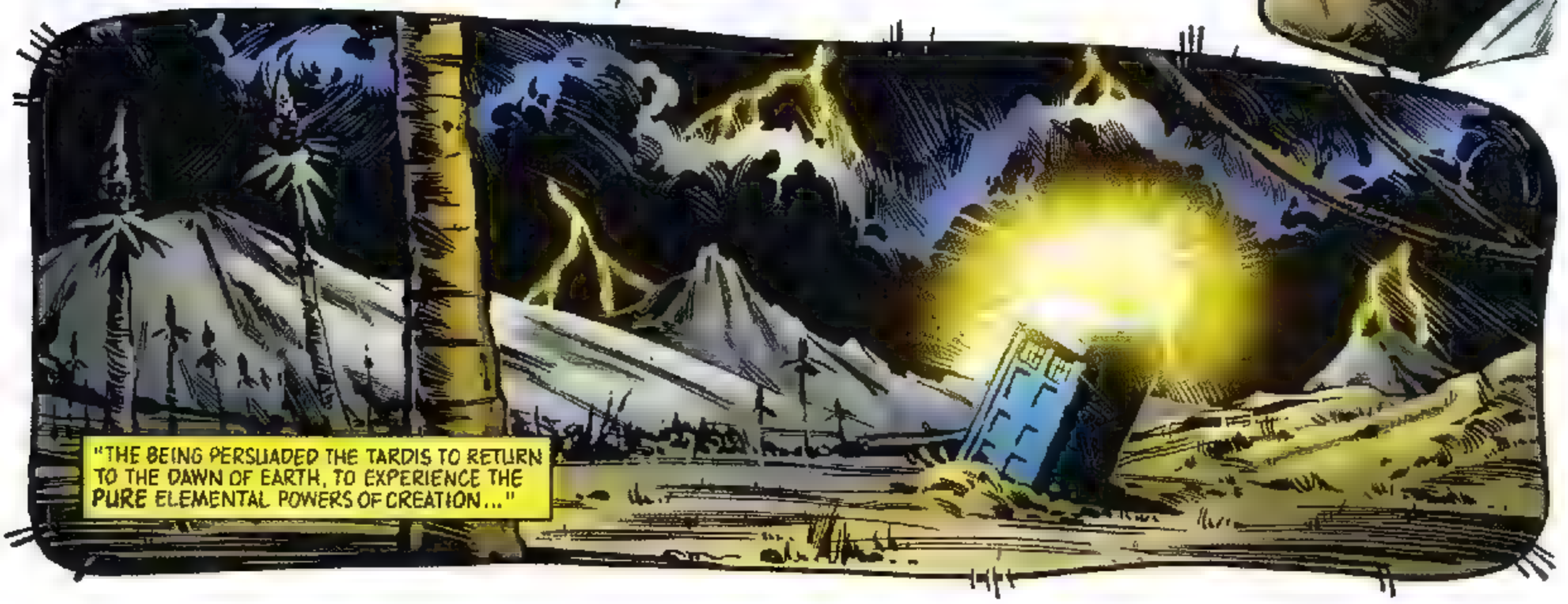
* SEE ISSUE Nº 7 - ED.

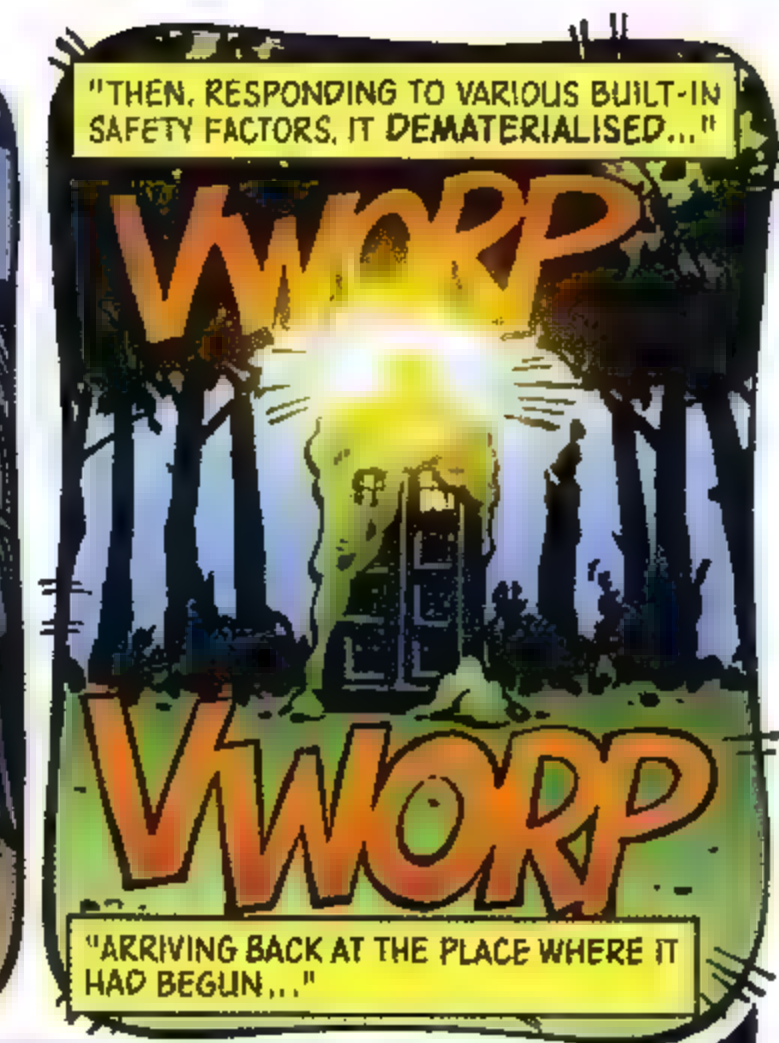
"AND FURTHER, YOU RELEASED AN ELEMENTAL BEING FROM IMPRISONMENT WITHIN THAT CRAFT .. WHICH THEN TOOK POSSESSION OF YOUR TARDIS WITHOUT YOUR KNOWLEDGE."

Whpp
"AND RETURNED WITH YOU TO EARTH!"

"AT WHICH POINT YOU LEFT YOUR TARDIS TO INDULGE IN MORE GAMES OF WICKET..."
"COMPLETELY UNAWARE THAT THE BEING WAS FORMING A RELATIONSHIP WITH THE TARDIS!"

FOR THE ELEMENTAL CREATURE WAS IN FACT A PARASITE... PREYING UPON INTELLIGENT TECHNOLOGY...
A RELATIONSHIP WHICH GREW TO A FORM OF UNDERSTANDING...


"THE BEING PERSUADED THE TARDIS TO RETURN TO THE DAWN OF EARTH, TO EXPERIENCE THE PURE ELEMENTAL POWERS OF CREATION..."



THIS IS SERIOUS... I DON'T KNOW HOW HE'S GOING TO PROVE THIS... BUT-

FACT: FOR MILLIONS OF YEARS THE ELEMENTAL BEING WAS FREE...

UNTIL HOMO SAPIENS APPEARED ON EARTH!

"FOR IT WAS MAN WHO CALLED HIM INTO BEING..."

"SUMMONING HIM FROM THE STORM WITH DARK AND POWERFUL KNOWLEDGE..."

"SO HE TOOK THEIR SHAPE AND WALKED AMONG MEN..."

"THROUGH ALL THEIR UPHEAVALS AND TURMOILS... ALWAYS ON THE EDGE OF DISASTER, ON THE HINTERLAND OF THEIR DARKEST FEARS..."

FOREVER SEEKING THE ONE THING THAT COULD SET IT FREE...

THE TARDIS!

IF YOU HAD LISTENED TO YOUR TARDIS, DOCTOR... AND ASKED THE RIGHT QUESTIONS, IT WOULD HAVE TOLD YOU EVERYTHING...
BUT YOU WERE TOO BUSY PLAYING WICKET!

THAT'S UNFAIR!
I WASN'T PLAYING WICKET... I MEAN CRICKET, ALL THE TIME! I WAS DOING OTHER THINGS, TOO...
SUCH AS, DOCTOR?

FISHING. LOTS OF FISHING. GOING FOR LONG WALKS... DRINKING HOT CHOCOLATE... LET'S SEE... OH YES... I NEARLY TOOK UP WATER-COLOUR PAINTING...

THIS IS RIDICULOUS! I WILL NOT TOLERATE SUCH FLIPPANCY!

AND I WILL NOT TOLERATE BEING TRIED FOR NO REASON!
MY REASONS FOR BEING ON EARTH COULD BE VITAL TO THAT PLANET... I...

CARRY ON, DOCTOR... WHAT ARE YOUR REASONS FOR BEING ON EARTH? LIVING THE LIFE OF A RURAL ENGLISHMAN?
THIS TRIAL IS MEANINGLESS... YOU HAVE YET TO PROVE ANYTHING...

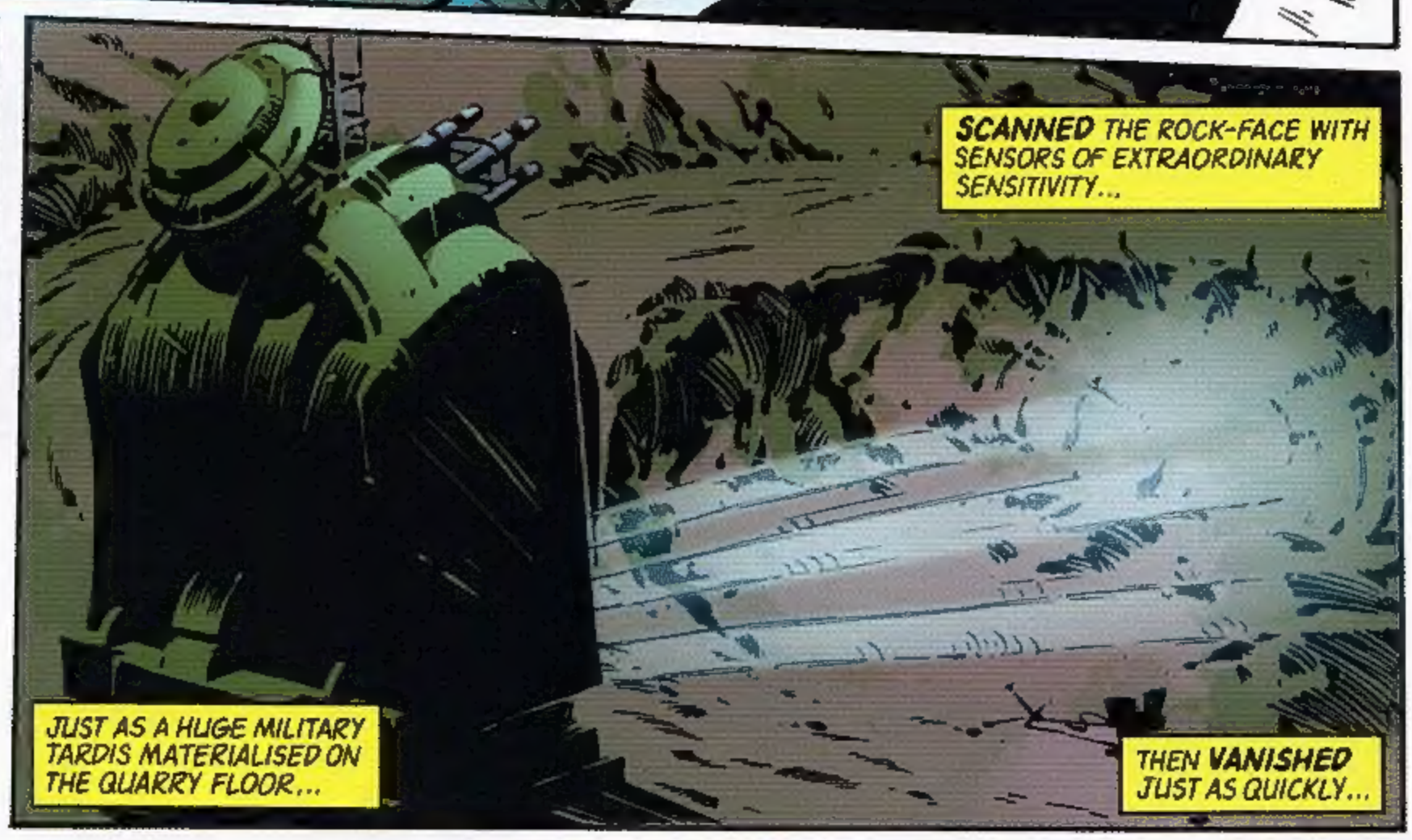
THE TARDIS MEMORY BANKS ARE NOT ALWAYS RELIABLE...
THEN I WILL PROVIDE EVIDENCE, DOCTOR... IN THE SHAPE OF AN IMPRESSION... IN SOLID ROCK...
MADE ALL THOSE YEARS AGO BY YOUR VERY OWN TARDIS!
HOW DOES HE KNOW ALL THIS?

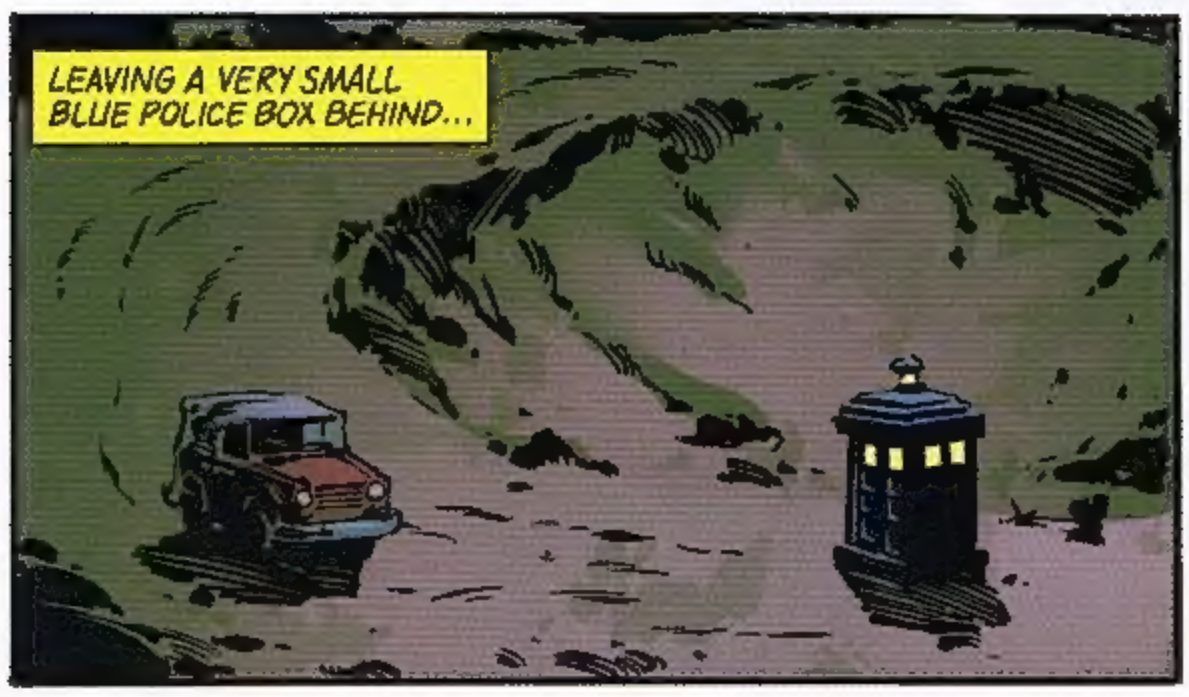
BACK ON EARTH, OR TO BE MORE PRECISE, THE STOCKBRIDGE LIMESTONE COMPANY...
IT SEEMED THAT OTHERS HAD TAKEN AN INTEREST IN THE TARDIS IMPRESSION...
A VERY OBSCURE BRANCH OF ARMY INTELLIGENCE KNOWN BY THEIR OFFICIAL TITLE AS S.A.G.3...
AND TO THEIR COLLEAGUES IN OTHER BRANCHES AS SIMPLY "THE CREEPS"...
ONE WAS A VERY SKILLED DOWSER... BEING TRAINED TO DISCOVER CACHES OF TERRORIST ARMS...
THE THIRD... NOBODY QUITE KNEW WHAT HIS SPECIALITY WAS...
ANOTHER WAS GIFTED WITH TELE-KINETIC POWERS... AND HAD ONCE DEFUSED A BOMB IN A LONDON STREET BY THAT POWER ALONE...
EXCEPT THAT HE ALWAYS SEEMED TO BE IN THE RIGHT PLACE AT THE RIGHT TIME...

LIKE **NOW** FOR INSTANCE...
BUT THIS TIME HE WAS UP AGAINST A REAL EXPERT...

BEFORE ANYONE COULD BLINK, THE SHADOW-MAN STRUCK...ONCE...
TWICE...

AND WAS GONE...


SCANNED THE ROCK-FACE WITH SENSORS OF EXTRAORDINARY SENSITIVITY...
JUST AS A HUGE MILITARY TARDIS MATERIALISED ON THE QUARRY FLOOR...
THEN **VANISHED** JUST AS QUICKLY...


LEAVING A VERY SMALL BLUE POLICE BOX BEHIND...

I'M FREE... THEY'VE LET ME GO...
THE EVIDENCE THEY NEEDED IS NO LONGER HERE...

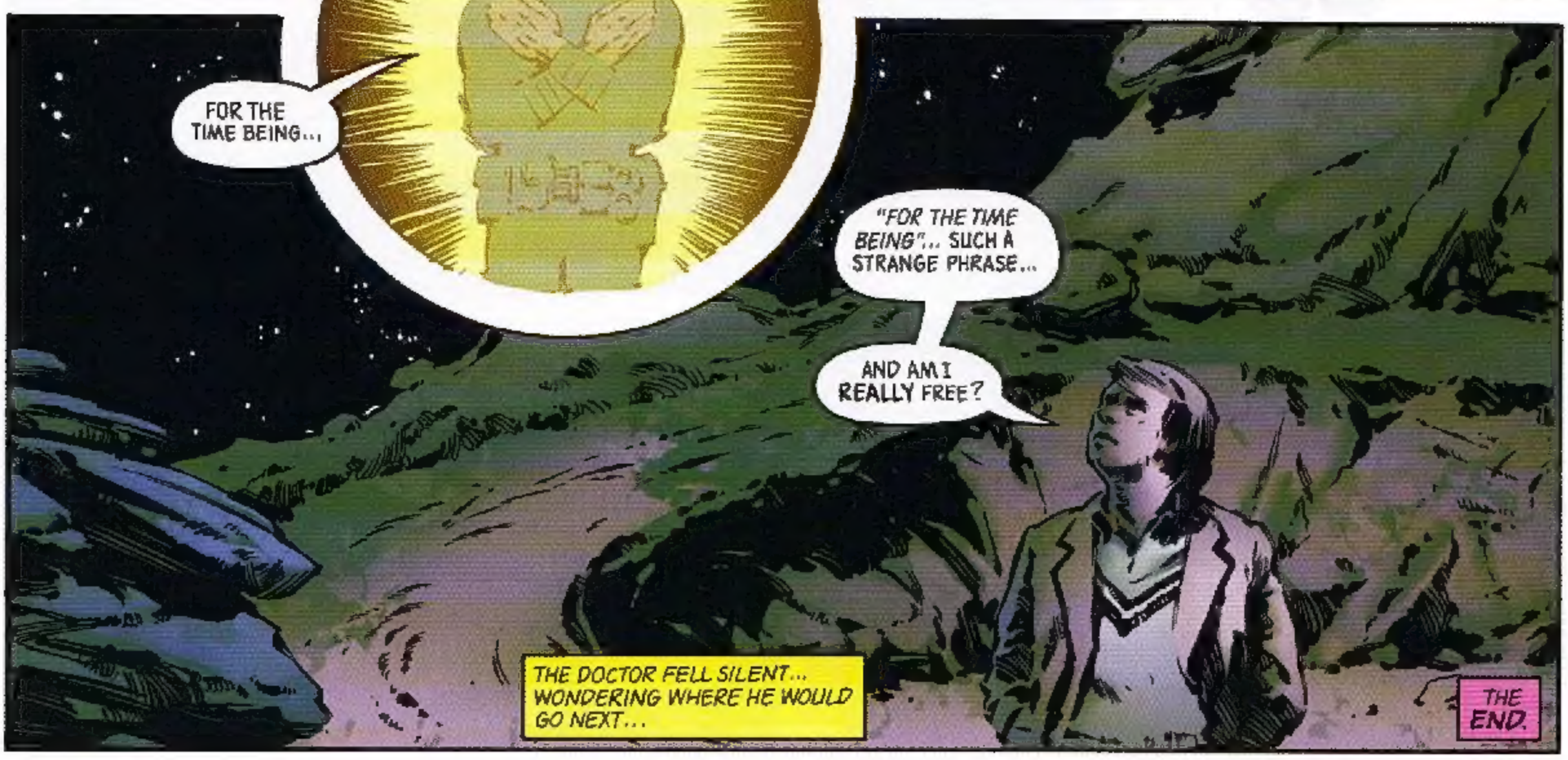
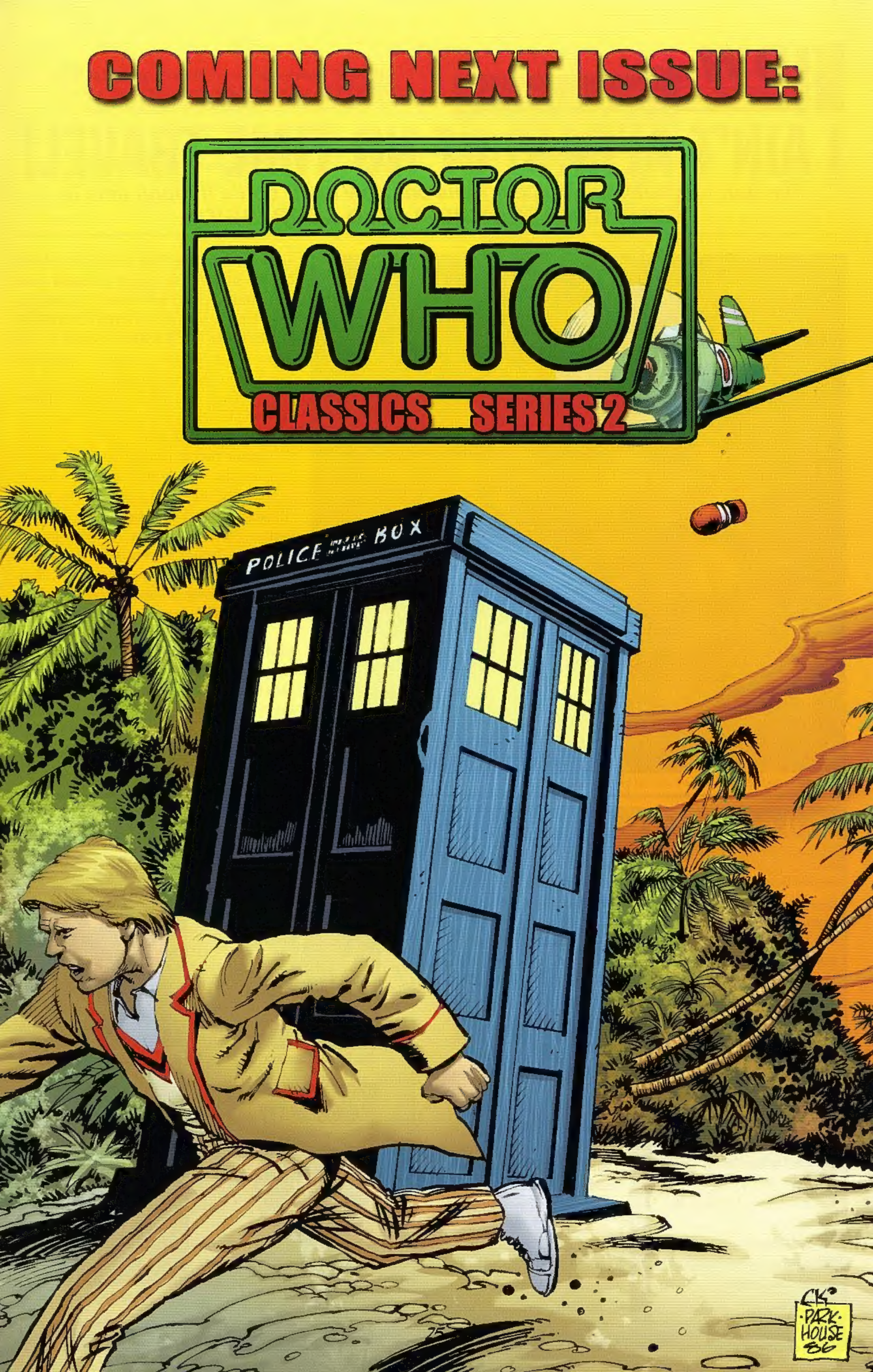
YOU DISPOSED OF THE EVIDENCE, DIDN'T YOU?
YES... I DID.

WHY? WHAT DO YOU WANT OF ME? WHY ARE YOU DOGGING MY FOOTSTEPS?

I AM A SHADOW, DOCTOR. MY WILL IS NOT MY OWN. I CANNOT ANSWER YOUR QUESTION, I MERELY FOLLOW INSTRUCTIONS...

SOMETIMES I AM THE INSTRUCTIONS. BUT AT ALL TIMES I AM THE WILL OF MY MY MASTERS...
THEIR WILL MADE MANIFEST...

WHAT HAVE THEY DONE TO YOU?
DONE? THEY HAVE SET ME FREE... AND YOU, TOO...


FOR THE TIME BEING...
"FOR THE TIME BEING"... SUCH A STRANGE PHRASE...
AND AM I REALLY FREE?
THE DOCTOR FELL SILENT... WONDERING WHERE HE WOULD GO NEXT...
THE END.

COMING NEXT ISSUE: